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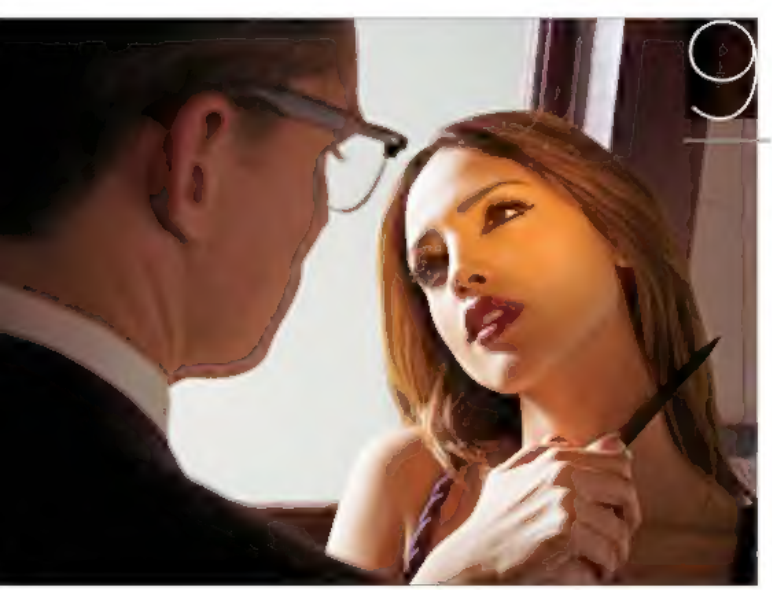

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Jackpot

One night while driving to Las Vegas to hook up with some friends for a bachelor party, I noticed a car on the side of the road with the hazard lights blinking. A woman was standing beside the car, so I pulled over. It turned out that this woman was not alone. There were two other girls sitting in the backseat. The woman who was out on the road told me her name was Brianne, and said she and her friends were on their way home from a college party. She was the only one with a phone and her battery was low. I let her use mine to call a tow truck, then offered all three a ride to wherever they needed to go. Brianne and I began talking on the way to her place. I found out that the blonde with huge tits was Angie, and her friend was Megan. I told them I was headed to Las Vegas.

Just then I glanced in the rearview mirror, and my dick almost burst from my pants. Angie and Megan were in a serious lip-lock and their hands were all over each other. A couple of seconds had gone by before I realized that Brianne was laughing and telling me to keep my eyes on the road. I made every effort to focus on driving, but I couldn't help but take a peek now and then as the girls continued to moan and grope each other. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen, and the sounds they were making had my cock straining against my zipper.

When we got to Brianne's place, she asked me if I had to leave right away. I had planned on arriving at the hotel ahead of time to hit some of the casinos, but thought, *Fuck it*. I could hang out with Brianne for a few hours.

I marveled at the uninhibited passion as these three women licked, sucked, and stroked one another to multiple orgasms.

Brianne and Angie started kissing before the front door was even closed. Megan pulled off my pants while moaning how badly she wanted to be fucked. I looked over at the other two, and Angie was on top of Brianne, with her big tits hanging right in Brianne's face. Brianne was licking and sucking Angie's boobs and stroking her pussy with unbridled lust. Angie began to shudder from all the attention.

Megan was giving my dick equal attention with long, slow licks, then hollowing out her cheeks and giving me lots of suction. I was just at the edge, so before I lost it, I turned Megan over and had her on all fours on the carpet. Looking at her gorgeous pussy, wet with her arousal and just inches from my face, drove me wild. I leaned over and began licking her sumptuous slit while fingering her from behind. Angie and Brianne were in a sixty-nine next to us, and from the escalating sounds they were making, I knew it wouldn't be long before both girls were climaxing.

All I could think was that my friend Richie's bachelor party couldn't possibly compare to this! My luck was certainly starting early. I kept saying to myself, *I thought this shit only happens in the movies*.

After I gave Megan a good tongue-laving, all three girls formed a daisy chain and started eating one another's pussy, their faces becoming wet with each other's juices. I marveled at the uninhibited passion as these three women licked, sucked, and stroked one another to multiple orgasms.

Then Brianne and Megan ground their pussies together as Angie lay on her back and motioned for me to fuck her. With all the visual and physical stimulation, it wasn't long until my hot come filled her soaking-wet box.

I spent more than a few hours with the girls, making sure I fucked each of them at least once.

When it was time for me to leave, the girls took me out for a late dinner. By the time I got to the hotel, I barely had enough time to shower and change before meeting the guys. I was wiped out, but I had a great time telling them about my road trip. But the best part was that the girls had invited me to stop by on my way back home. It turned out to be the best four days of my life.—*J.P., California*

More letters on page 122

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How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under $200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his $14,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the ***Stauer Corso, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for only $179.*** And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

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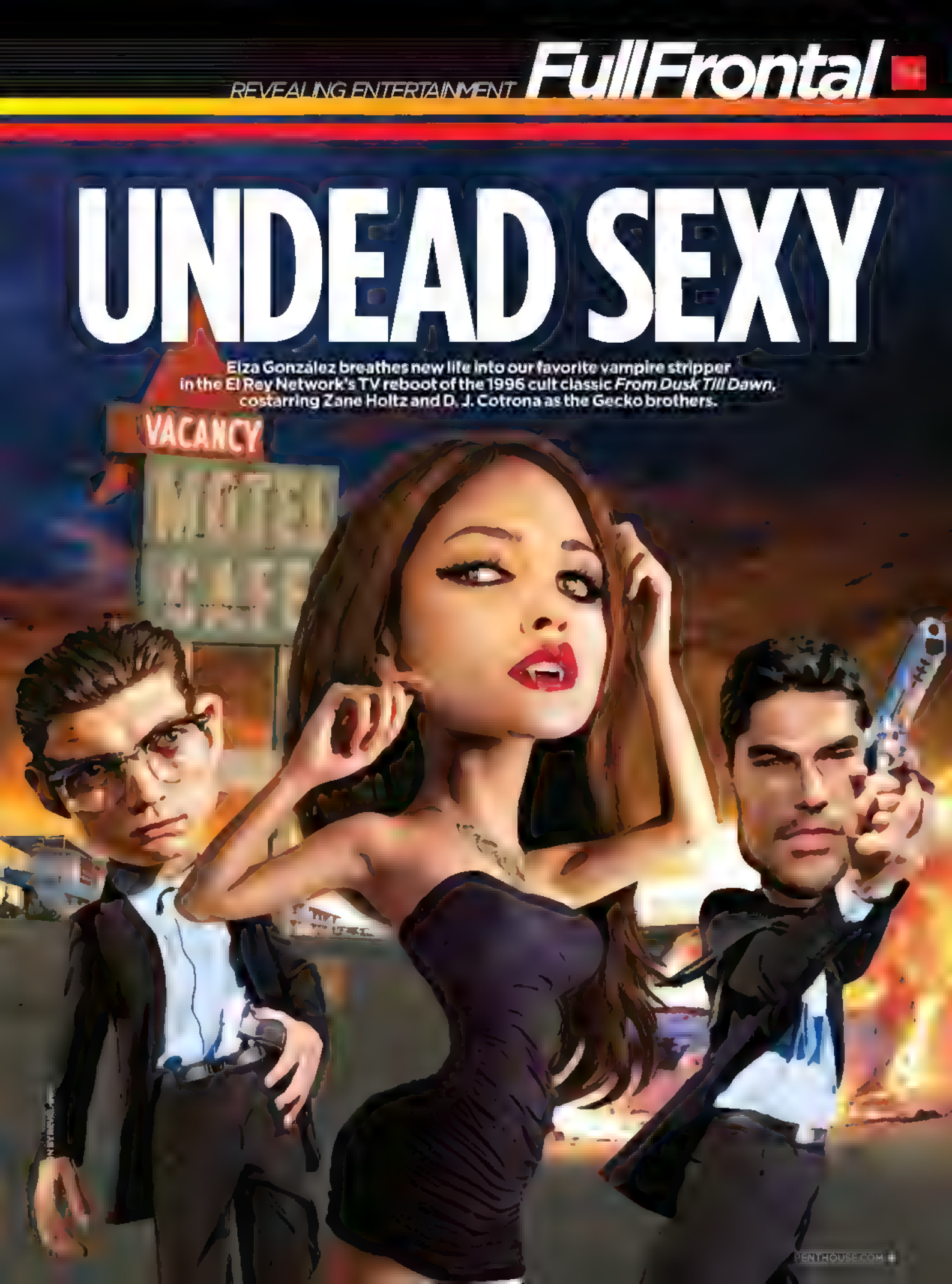
UNDEAD SEXY

Eiza González breathes new life into our favorite vampire stripper in the El Rey Network's TV reboot of the 1996 cult classic *From Dusk Till Dawn*, costarring Zane Holtz and D. J. Cotrona as the Gecko brothers.



When Eiza González moved to Los Angeles last August to make her name in Hollywood, she got more notoriety than she bargained for. In September, the sexy Mexican soap star was caught kissing actor Liam Hemsworth, aka Miley Cyrus's ex—and nothing will get you on the radar faster than hooking up with the former fiancé of a twerking tabloid queen. After barely a month in Hollywood, González was a household name.

The irony is that González's backstory may sound a bit familiar to her stateside fans. As a teenager, she was plucked from obscurity and given a lead role in a hit TV series, where she played a normal girl moonlighting as a rock star. She went on to release a couple of albums while acting in a telenovela for Nickelodeon Latin America. But rather than succumbing to the child-star cliché of "finding herself" via sex, drugs, and dancing furries, González tackled Hollywood like a boss: She read every script she could get her hands on, and by November, she'd scored a dream role in Robert Rodriguez's TV version of *From Dusk Till Dawn*, which just happens to be the first original scripted series on his newly launched cable network. We caught up with González just before the show's premiere to find out how she harnessed her dark side for the show.

The movie took place over just one night. How will the series differ?
Each character is way more three-dimensional than what we get to see in the movie. Like my character, Santanico—in the movie, you see those couple of great scenes that she does. In the series, it's completely different—I'm in every single episode. I can't tell you what goes on, but Robert wrote it so well. When they get to the Titty Twister, you understand each character.

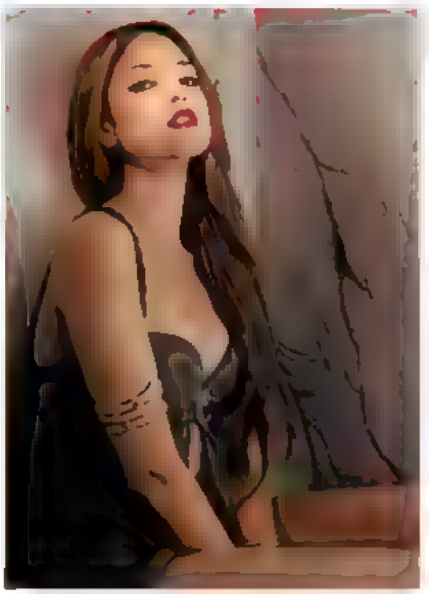
When the movie came out in 1996, vampires weren't the huge craze they are now. How do you think the show is going to stand out?
Robert is the one who started that. It's not that some director is doing a movie with vampires—one of the *first* directors [of the current vampire movement] is doing a new series based on the huge success he had doing vampire movies when people didn't believe in doing vampire movies. It wasn't the cool thing. I remember this whole movement of chick flicks ... and here comes Robert writing this sci-fi story with vampires and George Clooney being comical. He really pushed the boundaries.

Your character was one of Salma Hayek's breakthrough roles. What's it like filling her shoes?
At the beginning I was really scared, because those are big shoes to fill. Being a Mexican actress, and this being my first role in the U.S., and knowing that Robert was the first one to believe in Salma—it makes a lot of sense to me. So I really do bring 110 percent to the set and try to always give this character my own vibe, my own style, my own feeling. I haven't watched the movie for a long time, because I didn't want to get influenced by what I would see with Salma. You want to do the best you can, but the best thing is not to imitate—the best thing is to do your own. And I feel like people are going to be happy, because they're going to be expecting me to copy Salma.

How exactly do you prepare for a role as a vampire stripper?
You don't [*laughs*]. I seriously was worried when we got to those scenes of becoming a vampire. Being an actress who used to do soap operas, and jumping from being the sweetheart to being the evil bloodsucker, it really was just pushing my boundaries and going all-in. I really let my wild side out. I feel completely free every time I'm in character. I feel liberated. And I get to bring out my dark side as a person, because we all have a dark side. There's no workshop, like, "We're going to prepare you to be a vampire"—just being in touch with your animal side and your beast side and your dark side that we all have as humans.

You've studied at three different acting schools over the years. How do you feel this training has helped you?
Oh, it's awesome. As an actress, your tools are your emotions and your body and yourself. And as a human being, you do not ever finish learning about yourself. If you're not learning, it's like if you don't go to the gym, your muscles are going to leave. You start to rust. So it's necessary that you're always preparing, always learning, always getting to know new methods, new theories, and getting to know yourself. I think it's important as an actor, even if you don't have issues, to go to therapy, because that helps the process—to get to know yourself more, so you can do more on set.

BY KARA WAHLGREN



I started really young in the industry and everything was really quick—I didn't do a small role and then go up. My career began with not just a lead role, but also an album, and I was touring at the same time and doing all this stuff. It's what I always wanted to do, but you just learn a lot really quickly, you know? I had no time to be a young kid and go clubbing or whatever, because I had to be up at 7 A.M. So I started maturing really quickly. Eventually, I turned 23 and I finished my last soap opera, and I just said, "I really need to go somewhere else and push my own boundaries." I've studied English since I was really young and I always aspired to make it in Hollywood, so I decided to try it. I just decided it was the moment for me to leave my comfort zone.

You wound up in the tabloids almost immediately, thanks to the Miley-Liam breakup. How did you deal with the media scrutiny?

I just do not pay attention. I might be new to the U.S., but I'm not new to the media. It's not my first situation, not my first scrutiny. When you start really young, the first two or three or four tabloid covers you get, you freak out. And then you start getting to know who you really are, and you just don't care. I really wasn't focused on that at all. I was moving in, I was auditioning nonstop, and instead of reading tabloids, I was reading scripts. I just kept on living my life, and things faded away as they should have. I'm not going to stop living my life.

This is the first original series on the El Rey Network. Is it a lot of pressure to launch a show and a network at the same time?

It's exciting. Being in the first original series on Robert's network is like, *Wow*. This is part of history for him. And we're part of something really iconic, and I'm pretty sure people are going to fall in love with it. And for me, it's such an honor being Mexican and being able to say I'm working with someone so respected in the industry. I feel blessed, and I feel really honored. So more than nervousness, it's just a lot of excitement.

In Mexico, you were doing huge telenovelas and recording albums. What made you decide to start over in Hollywood?

As an actor, you always crave more.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF EL REY NETWORK

Creature Feature

***Breaking Bad* star Bryan Cranston jumps to the big screen in director Gareth Edwards' *Godzilla* reboot.**

GODZILLA
BRYAN CRANSTON, ELIZABETH OLSEN, AARON TAYLOR-JOHNSON

There is a monster in this reboot of the legendary Japanese franchise—and it's not its decidedly old-school-looking title character. No, we refer to *Breaking Bad*'s Cranston, vaulting from the cable hit to blockbuster popcorn fare—hopefully bringing along his effortlessly with a calculating putdown. Cranston plays a nuclear scientist who may be humankind's savior as cities crumble and an array of supporting creatures require the assistance of the famous lizard—who's on our team for a change. (Chances are, you'll be paying less attention to *Kick-Ass* star Taylor-Johnson, the ostensible lead.) Hey, we haven't had a Godzilla flick since 1998, and director Gareth Edwards showed some sci-fi chops in his 2010 indie breakthrough, *Monsters*. He's kind of a British version of Guillermo del Toro (*Hellboy*, *Pan's Labyrinth*), and he might be exactly the right geek to bring smarts and scope to the project.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES

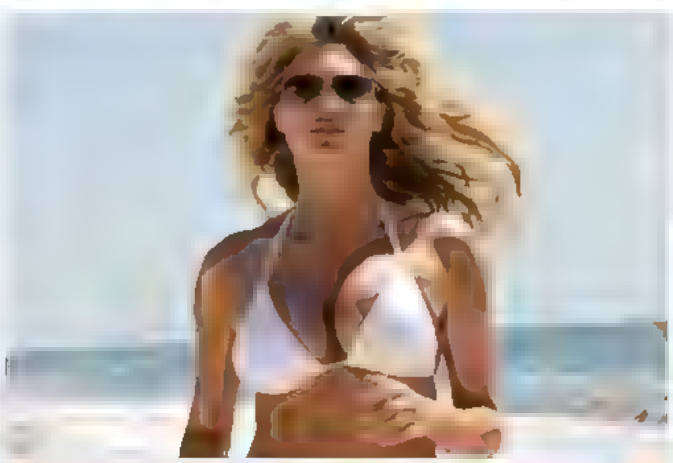
BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

CHEF
SCARLETT JOHANSSON, ROBERT DOWNEY JR., SOFÍA VERGARA

Few things in life are sweeter than rolling out of a club in the wee hours and coming up on that delicious-taco truck perfectly parked to exploit your late-night munchies. No food will ever taste as glorious. Finally, a movie realizes as much—this one's about a high-powered chef who flops out of his restaurant gig and finds himself on four wheels, serving grub through a side window. The film appears to be a labor of love for Jon Favreau, who not only stars in the title role, but also wrote and directed the movie. He recruited his *Iron Man* stars Downey Jr. and Johansson, along with a host of other talents, including Bobby Cannavale, Oliver Platt, John Leguizamo, Dustin Hoffman, and Amy Sedaris.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 2
ANDREW GARFIELD, EMMA STONE, JAMIE FOXX

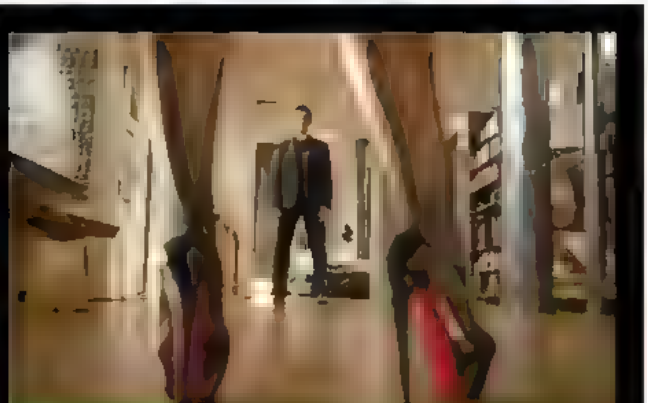
A tiny voice inside your head might be screaming "Enough already!", as this is not only the fifth Spider-Man movie in the last 12 years, but also the second with "Spider-Man 2" in the title. It's downright confusing. But as long as fanboys keep lining up there will always be superhero flicks in the warmer months of the year. Garfield was a good call to don the iconic spandex—he's an especially likable Peter Parker, and brings more sensitivity to bear than these movies deserve. Plus, we've got absolutely no problem with Stone in any capacity. The chemistry between the two stars might be enough, even as supervillains like Foxx and Paul Giamatti strain to distract us from the sidelines.



THE OTHER WOMAN
CAMERON DIAZ, LESLIE MANN, KATE UPTON

Can Upton act? We're not sure it'll matter much. In this comedy, the voluptuous swimsuit model isn't exactly the title character, since all three of the movie's leading ladies—Upton, Diaz, and *This Is 40*'s Mann—get betrayed by the same philandering gent (Nikolai Coster-Waldau). In other words, they're all "the other woman," though Mann's neurotic wife might have more of a legal claim. Once the dude's three-timing ways are exposed, the trio of hotties bonds together to exact violent, humiliating revenge on him. Even if this one doesn't attain the fizzy highs of vintage screwball comedies, it could be a perfect date movie. You'll look like a gentleman compared to the guy on-screen—and there's plenty of eye candy to enjoy.

REVIEW



Are we ready for Allen to make us laugh again? Fortunately for all involved in this winning, understated comedy, the Woodman plays a character who only *arranges* sexual trysts, and never for himself. Murray Schwartz, a bookseller facing a harsh economy, decides to dabble in what a younger generation would call "big pimpin'." Writer/director Turturro cast himself as Murray's unlikely stud, a gentle florist drafted into three-ways with a cast of lovely customers, including Sharon Stone, Sofía Vergara, and Vanessa Paradis. Surprising, subtle, and adult, this film is the kind of on-screen therapy Allen's fans need right now.

PHOTOS: RALPH NELSON/OPEN ROAD FILMS, MERRICK MORTON/SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT, BARRY WETCHER/PARAMOUNT PICTURES, JOJO WHILDEN/20TH CENTURY FOX

REVIEWS

Big Things

This month we've got an impressive lineup, with nine-figure budgets, long-awaited sequels, epic trilogies, and legendary actors.

ANCHORMAN 2: THE LEGEND CONTINUES

We waited nine long years for this sequel, and our favorite news team didn't disappoint. In the follow-up, Ron Burgundy is booted from a cushy coanchoring gig in New York City, abandons his family, and returns to his stomping grounds in San Diego, where he reunites with his old crew for a new 24/7 cable-news network. The plot is completely ridiculous (as expected), but Will Ferrell and company manage to pull it off (also as expected). The Blu-ray combo pack is so jam-packed with extras, it might hold you over for another decade—along with the usual gag reel and behind-the-scenes footage, there are table reads, one-liners, audition tapes, a catfight between Christina Applegate and Meagan Good, cast commentary, and plenty more Burgundy goodness.

THE HOBBIT: THE DES

The middle film in a trilogy can be a little too much like Wednesday—you're just pushing through to get from the setup to the big finish. But Peter Jackson doesn't fuck around, and *Smaug* is predictably awesome, right up to the big cliffhanger finish. Bilbo Baggins and Gandalf set out to reclaim the Dwarf Kingdom of Erebor, but the quest brings Bilbo face-to-face with the savage titular dragon. You'll have to wait for December for the final installment, but the combo pack has enough Hobbit-y goodness to entertain you until then—including a set tour with Jackson, production videos, and making-of featurettes.

In this action-comedy, a security guard wants to propose to his girlfriend. To win the blessing of her brother, a badass Atlanta cop, he agrees to go on a 24-hour ride-along. Needless to say, high jinks ensue, and the in-laws-to-be have to team up to survive taking down a criminal mastermind. It wasn't a critical fave (okay, that's an understatement), but a bad buddy-cop movie is like bad pizza—still better than lots of other things. DVD bonus features include a gag reel, backstage footage, and director commentary; the Blu-ray combo pack has an alternate ending, deleted scenes, a handful of featurettes, and a look at the explosive action sequences.

BLACKTHORN

Blink and you missed this in theaters—despite stars John Cusack and Robert De Niro, the indie noir thriller had a very limited release earlier this year. Cusack plays a kindhearted criminal who accepts a job picking up a mysterious bag for a mob boss (De Niro). They tread some familiar turf—Cusack's stuck at a seedy motel (but this isn't *Identity*), and De Niro is a top-tier criminal with hazy motives (but this isn't *Ronin*). Reviews were mostly abysmal, but it has Rebecca Da Costa as a stripper and Crispin Glover as a creepy motel clerk, so it's not all bad. Extras include a behind-the-scenes featurette.

THE WOLF OF

This fast-paced drama about a stockbroker who makes a fortune running a corrupt brokerage firm is so packed with rampant sex, drugs, greed, and F-bombs—more than 500 of 'em—that we almost forgot it's a biopic. (The Blu-ray includes a featurette called "The Wolf Pack," with cast and crew interviews and background info on the insane, industry life of Jordan Belfort, whose memoir inspired the movie.) Leonardo DiCaprio, director Martin Scorsese, costar Jonah Hill, and screenwriter Terence Winter all earned Academy Award nods for this Best Picture nominee, and while none of them walked away Oscar winners, it's still a must-see.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY *THE HOBBIT*: MARK POKORNY/WARNER BROS. *RIDE ALONG*: QUANTRELL D. COLBERT/UNIVERSAL PICTURES AND *THE WOLF OF WALL STREET*: PARAMOUNT. *BLACKTHORN*: SONY PICTURES CLASSICS. *ANCHORMAN 2*: PARAMOUNT

BY JOHN BOLSTER

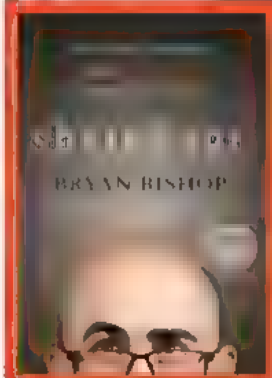
Hub Kid Hangs Tough

Boston Marathon bombing survivor Jeff Bauman, one year later.

STRONGER
BY JEFF BAUMAN, WITH BRET WITTER

Bauman is the Boston Marathon bombing survivor pictured in the most famous photo of the attack's aftermath—the guy seated in the wheelchair with "the man in the cowboy hat" (Carlos Arredondo) running alongside him. If you've ever seen the uncropped version of that photo, then you know it's a miracle that Bauman survived at all. Yet Bauman didn't just survive—he also never lost consciousness during the catastrophe (save for a second at impact), he retained total recall of the event and he identified one of the bombers, greatly helping the investigation. Most badass of all, he delivered a tension-releasing, handwritten joke (he had tubes down his throat) to the loved ones at his bedside when he emerged from his second surgery, 30 hours after the attack. Now he's written a plainspoken, funny, and honest account of his recovery. Bauman doesn't stint on the difficulties, which extend beyond his painful physical rehab to family drama and the pressure of the spotlight cast by (mostly) well-meaning members of the media and the public. But he's also quick to point out that the thousands of well-wishers who sent him letters, gifts, and words of gratitude inspired him as much as he inspired them.

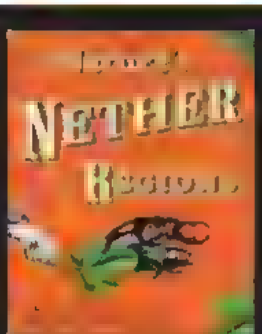
SHRINKAGE: MANHOOD, MARRIAGE, AND THE TUMOR THAT TRIED TO KILL ME
BY BRYAN BISHOP



5. Pseudoscorpions reproduce remotely. The males leave numerous "tiny stalked sperm-filled balloons" spread throughout their habitat, and the females can, if they choose, squat over them and absorb the seed. Hey, no pressure. Take it or leave it, baby. *Bonus fact:* Pseudoscorpions look like regular scorpions, only smaller and without stingers.

4. Barnacles have the longest penises in the animal kingdom. That's relative to their body size, of course. Since they cannot move to couple, they use their "snakelike" penises to probe for mates. *Bonus fact:* Charles Darwin made this discovery.

3. Science has been clued in and clueless about the clitoris, off and on, for centuries. The buttonlike "man in the canoe" on the outside is merely the tip of the iceberg, as the clitoris actually extends well below the surface. Individual scientists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries knew this, but the information was twice lost to history, until an Australian researcher redescribed it correctly in 1998.



2. Sex between wasp spiders ends in death and cannibalism. After climax, the female plunges her fangs into the male, "swiftly" encases him in silk—and eats him. You'd think the word would be out by now among male wasp spiders.

1. The female mallard duck's vagina is coiled clockwise as a security measure. It blocks entry to the counterclockwise mallard-duck penis "unless the female relaxes her vaginal muscles." Hence the mallard-duck R&B hit, "Girl, C'mon and Unwind."

The Elder Scrolls Online

BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (XBOX ONE, PS4, PC, MAC)

Previous chapters in the *Elder Scrolls* series (*Morrowind, Oblivion, Skyrim*) were renowned for their endless quests, sprawling realms, and bottomless dungeons, but each was strictly a solo experience—a walk in a world shared with stiffs in chain mail. This first massively multiplayer online installment injects the human element: flesh-and-blood fellow players. Just don't expect player interaction on par with *World of Warcraft*. *The Elder Scrolls Online* is geared toward series stalwarts who want to dip their boots in the bloody waters of massively multiplayer questing. Player commingling is limited to a real-time war for control of the empire among three factions in a wasteland known as Cyrodiil. Enter this region and you can engage in battles with other human players, man catapults in castle sieges, and embark on quests for the titular scrolls to further your faction's cause.

Outside this player-versus-player realm, however, *The Elder Scrolls Online* offers a linear single-player quest that's more in line with previous games. You'll choose your character from one of several classes—Dragon Knight, Sorcerer, Templar, etc.—at the outset and set off across the continent of Tamriel to topple an evil prince. Fellow human players will roam the landscape, going about the campaign at their own pace, but they can't join your adventure and you can't join theirs. You're spectators in each other's quests. Regardless, the game delivers all the time-sucking diversions (item-crafting, secret dungeons, and side quests) that turn *Elder Scrolls* fans into shut-ins. At least now those shut-ins can keep one another virtual company.

ELDER SCROLLS MAGES: COURTESY OF ZENIMAX MEDIA INC.

BY CRISPIN BOYER

KINECT SPORTS RIVALS
MICROSOFT STUDIOS (XBOX ONE)

Wake racing, target practice, bowling, soccer, tennis, climbing—sporty mini games are still the meat and potatoes of Microsoft's flagship body-sensing series, but it's the technology that steals the show in this sequel. The Xbox One's Kinect sensor captures your movements down to the wiggling of individual fingers, allowing for more nuanced control. (Or you can choose to reduce sensor fidelity if you'd rather compete from your La-Z-Boy and keep your beer hand out of play.) The sensor also scans your features and creates a digital doppelgänger—called a "champion"—which learns to mimic your behavior. Your champion will compete on your behalf when real-world responsibilities call you away from the game.

MLB 14: THE SHOW
SONY COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT AMERICA (PS4, PS3, PS VITA)

This has all the improvements you'd expect from a sequel in Sony's juggernaut baseball franchise: a sleeker interface, streamlined games you can cut short based on pitcher statistics, refined online code for smoother multiplayer play, and more user-friendly controls. But PS4 owners who don't give a squat about sports will want this sequel as a showcase for their system's specs. Visual fidelity has improved over last year's model, down to individual blades of grass on the field and the hairs under the players' caps. Stadiums pop to photorealistic life with ten times the detail of previous games. Even the dudes in the stands look better. And if prettier dudes don't sell you on this sequel, then you can still look forward to new intro fly-ins and other as-seen-on-TV enhancements.

LEGO: THE HOBBIT
WARNER HOME VIDEO GAMES (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, WII U, PS VITA, 3DS, PC, MAC)

Lighthearted, entertaining, and breezy, this toy brick take on director Peter Jackson's first two *Hobbit* flicks is everything those ponderous movies were not. You and a pair pick your favorite Middle-Earth things—from Bilbo to Gandalf to any of the dwarves—and bounce through every setting from the first two flicks, bopping orcs and trolls while forging Lego contraptions. It's silly fun that never gets more complicated than having to ponder Gollum's riddles or solve simple puzzles (such as trampolining off your dwarf partner's belly to reach higher areas). Even if your knowledge of Hobbit lore goes no deeper than Led Zeppelin lyrics, you're bound to enjoy yourself here.

Drastic Tactics

Three fast-paced games that use your brain.

CALCULORDS
NINJA CRIME (IPHONE, IPAD)

As the "Last Star Nerd," you use your calculator to summon attacks and defeat the minions of the evil Hate Bit in this funny, retro-flavored mix of tower-defense and card-collecting games. It's free to play, too!

STARPOINT GEMINI II
ICEBERG INTERACTIVE (PC)

Roleplaying, strategy, and dog-fighting gameplay collide in this intergalactic hybrid. Play as both an admiral deploying your fleet and a lowly pilot behind the controls of more than 50 combat craft.

DUNGEON OF THE ENDLESS
ICEBERG INTERACTIVE (PC)

This sci-fi take on the dungeon-exploration formula has you and three friends plotting an escape from a nasty planet after crash-landing your ship. Set up defenses as you scour the underground for supplies.

REVIEWS

Hard-core Troubadour

Veteran singer-songwriter Rodney Crowell hits a late-career peak, following up his Grammy Award–winning 2013 album with another set of winning roots tunes.

NEW WEST RECORDS

★★★ 1/2

Like his friend, fellow Texan, and fellow 2014 Grammy winner Guy Clark, Rodney Crowell seems to be getting better with age. *Old Yellow Moon*, his collaboration with Emmylou Harris, took the industry nod for Best American Album back in January, and on this month's *Tarpaper Sky*, Crowell rolls out a collection of fine, effortless tracks impressive in their variety—from the shimmering folk of "Famous Last Words of a Fool in Love" to the rockabilly rambler "Frankie Please." Whether he's in quiet acoustic-ballad mode ("God I'm Missing You") or revving up the honky-tonk ("Somebody's Shadow"), Crowell is always ready with a great line, like this gem from "Fly Boy and the Kid": "May the bear tracks in your future find you downwind in a glade/ Where the grass as green as absinthe comes in 40 different shades."

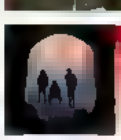
OFF!

WASTED YOUTH

VICE RECORDS

★★ 1/2

Southern California hardcore stars OFF! blazed through 16 songs in roughly 17 minutes on their last record, 2012's rip-roaring self-titled release. Here, they stretch things out a bit with sludgy intros and tempo changes—one song even cracks the two-minute mark—but it turns out that less was indeed more. They haven't gone prog or anything, but the concise blasts of their previous record serve their rampaging sound better than these comparatively longer tunes. The riffs start to sound same-y, and ear fatigue sets in. But taken on their own, tracks like "Legion of Evil," with its careening riff and the churning "Void You Out," will definitely get the mosh pit swirling.



MODERN CREATION

NEW WEST RECORDS

★★

There was a time, following their 2008 debut *Mission Control*, when it seemed like the Whigs might be recombining the DNA of guitar rock in an exciting way. They blended muscle and melody, grunge and Southern rock, and came up with what sounded like a promising take on the power-trio format. (See YouTube for their performance of "Right Hand on My Heart" on *Letterman*.) But that time has passed; these days, they can't even get it up for Friday night anymore, judging by the song of the same name here. The guitars on this record sound like they've been tucked behind glass, while Parker Gispert's bland vocals are very much front and center. They should have gone with the exact opposite approach.

FOOD

NINJA TUNE

★★★ 1/2

Kelis has always been something of a square peg in a round hole. Her early R&B/hip-hop hits rode unorthodox beats (courtesy of the Neptunes) and featured weird flourishes (like the "I hate you so much right now" chorus of "Caught Out There"). In 2010, she embraced house music (too late, sneered some). Her sixth record, *Food*, teams Kelis with producer Dave Sitek of TV on the Radio for a collection of neo-soul songs powered by chrome-bright horns and layered with electronic effects, piano, strings, and guitars ranging from bluesy to funky. Vocally, Kelis opens up like never before—she's by turns sultry ("Hooch"), soulful ("Runner"), and somber ("Change"). It feels just like it should, as she wails on "Jerk Ribs," and it's not hard to believe her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, LEFT): DAVID MCCLISTER; LAURENT LIVY; CHARLES STEVE APPLEFORD

BY JOHN BOLSTER

Lone Star Superstars

We attempt the impossible: selecting the Top 5 Texas tunesmiths.

5. Willie Nelson

He plays the guitar just like he sings: understated, unadorned and utterly unique

4. Blind Lemon Jefferson

The father of Texas blues, joined the inaugural class of the Blues Hall of Fame in 1980, 51 years after his death

3. Waylon Jennings

His "outlaw" imprint on country music revitalized the genre and paved the way for the alt-country and neo-traditionalist movements

2. George Strait

Mr. "All my exes live in Texas" has a record 60 No. 1 country hits and has sold more than 70 million albums

1. Buddy Holly

In 1964, when the Beatles entered *The Ed Sullivan Show* theater, the first thing John Lennon asked was, "Is this the stage that Buddy Holly played on?"

More Songs About Buildings and Food

Great tunes inspired by two of life's staples

LANDMARK BUILDINGS

"Graceland," Paul Simon, 1986. Elvis Presley's sprawling Memphis mansion is cast as a mecca of American music and history.

"House of the Rising Sun," the Animals, 1964. Eric Burdon and company refashion a traditional ballad about a New Orleans house of ill repute.

"Folsom Prison Blues," Johnny Cash, 1955. The country-music legend never went to prison, but he did perform this tune at the famed correctional institute, to much appreciation.

"Empire State of Mind," Jay-Z, 2009. The hip-hop icon shouts out to his home city's Empire State Building and Statue of Liberty.

ENTRÉES AND SIDES

"Dixie Chicken," Little Feat, 1973. Bonus building reference: "I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel."

"I Like Food," the Descendents, 1981. This 16-second punk-rock masterpiece aims to "turn dining back into eating": "I like food/food tastes good."

"Jambalaya (on the Bayou)," Hank Williams, 1952. Dozens of artists have covered this Cajun-flavored country classic, from Fats Domino to John Fogerty to the Muppets.

"Big Cheese," Nirvana, 1989. This crunchy, amusing rocker was the B-side to the very first song Nirvana released, "Love Buzz."

LOCAL RESIDENCES

"Brick House," the Commodores, 1977. This song was actually written by Shirley Hanna-King, the wife of Commodores guitarist William King. "She's mighty mighty" indeed.

"Burning Down the House," Talking Heads, 1983. David Byrne and company emphasize the latter half of their nerd-funk sound in a track inspired by Parliament-Funkadelic.

"On a Balcony," Okkervil River, 2013. "And a heart gets as high as a heart can get, on a balcony, high above the sea."

"Our House," Madness, 1982. The English ska revivalists had their biggest U.S. hit with this track, which peaked at No. 7 on the *Billboard* Hot 100.

DELICIOUS DESSERTS

"Cherry Pie," Warrant, 1990. Would you believe this song was written in about 15 minutes, on a pizza box? Yeah, we would, too.

"Milkshake," Kelis, 2003. So naughty—yet completely eligible for mainstream airplay. Well done, Kelis.

"Just Like Honey," the Jesus and Mary Chain, 1985. The Scottish noise-pop outfit blends Beach Boys harmony, wall-of-sound distortion, and stoned sensuality.

"Savoy Truffle," the Beatles, 1968. George Harrison's ode to—and dental caution against—highfalutin desserts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) PAUL NATKIN/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES; HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES; ORBIS

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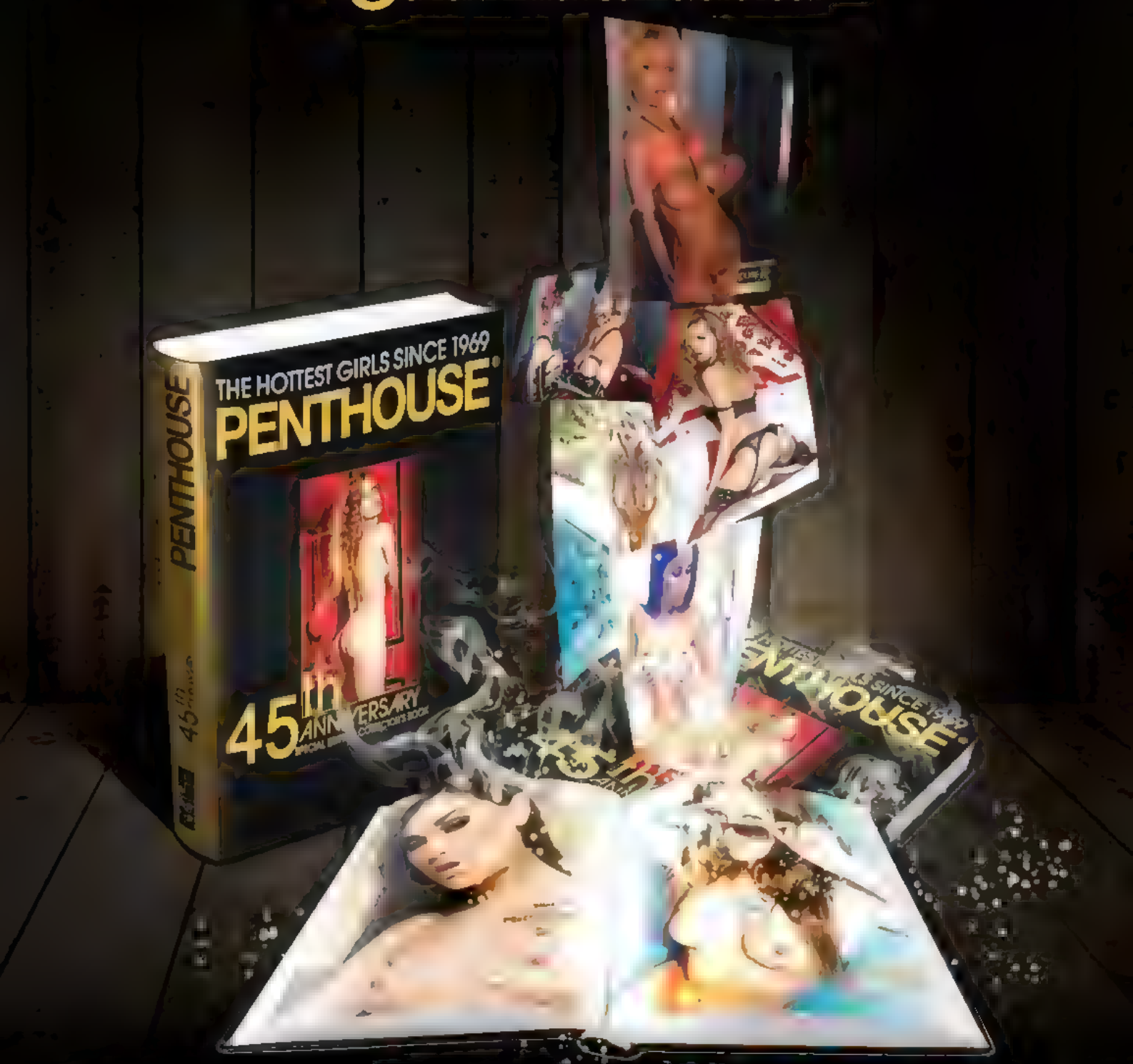

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UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE OF

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Trip Adviser

Whether you're heading out to a nude beach (see page 50), flying on one of our spectator sports (see page 46), or boating with bikini-clad babes, you need good gear. Check out the next spread for our top picks.

Globe-trotting

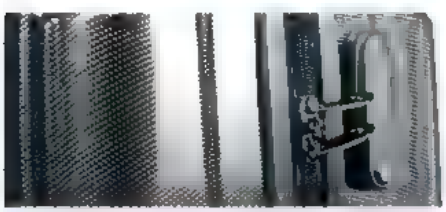
Whether your travels take you across state lines or across the pond, you're going to need the right gear.

By Deirdre Goldbeck

Heated luggage

ThermalStrike.com • 24-inch upright: $249; 20-inch carry-on: $199; set: $399

Let bed bugs be everyone else's nightmare. These bags use infrared-heat technology to kill any of the little buggers that might infiltrate your luggage. When the internal temperature reaches 140 degrees Fahrenheit, which takes about two and a half hours, the system shuts off automatically and the red indicator light on the bag's exterior goes out. The bag's outer shell is made of a polycarbonate composite for lightweight durability. Inside are two separate, zippered packing spaces and a toiletry pouch. Telescoping handles and 360-degree swivel wheels keep things moving along easily, and both bags are TSA and FAA compliant.

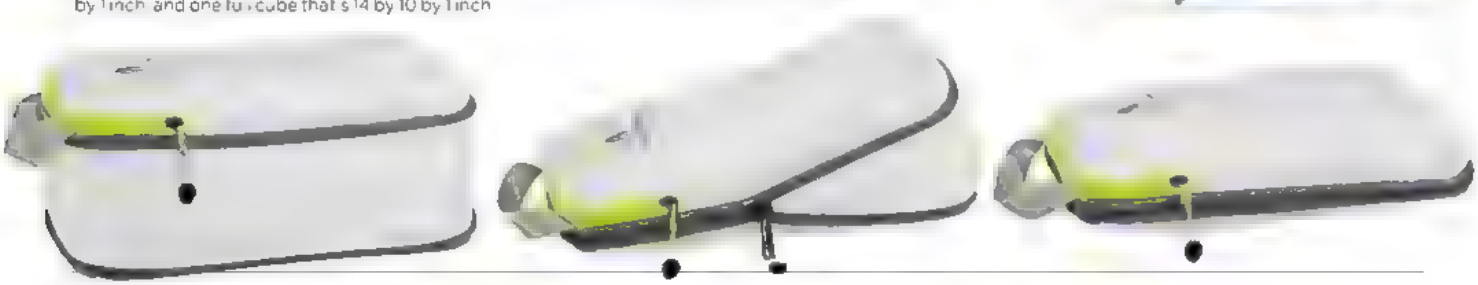


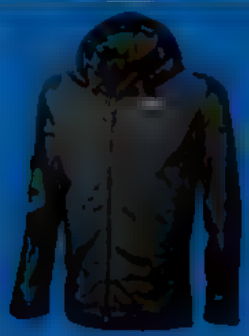
Convertible backpack and travel organizers

EagleCreek.com • Straight Up Business Brief: $160, Pack-It Specter Compression Cube Set: $38

This checkpoint-friendly backpack has padded straps and converts to a briefcase when you use the removable adjustable shoulder strap or the grab handles. It measures 17.5 by 12.5 by 6.5 inches, so it holds most 17-inch laptops and has room for a tablet as well. There are lockable zippers on the main, laptop, and organizer sections, and an RFID (radio-frequency identification) blocker pocket to protect your credit cards, driver's license, and passport against roaming tech thieves.

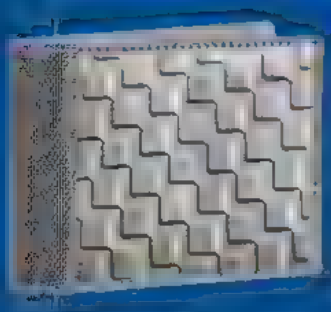
Packing and organizing your luggage is easy with these featherweight, ripstop nylon zip cubes. Rolled-up clothing—like T-shirts and shorts—fits snugly in the cubes when you close the first zipper. Save even more space by closing the secondary zipper, which compresses the cube into a neat, compact rectangle. And the translucent material makes it easy to see what's stored inside. The set contains one half-cube, which is 10 by 7 by 1 inch, and one full cube that's 14 by 10 by 1 inch.





Hiking Wandertag jacket

Whether you wear it or pack it, you'll get plenty of use out of this breathable, water- and windproof jacket. It's made of lightweight ripstop nylon and has an adjustable stowaway hood, two hand pockets, a secure inside pocket, and an adjustable waist, making it suitable for rainy days. It comes in ten different colors, sizes small to 2XL.



RFID-blocking wallet

StewartStand.com • stainless steel or leather

This company has been making RFID-blocking wallets since 2005, constantly amping up the selections with unique designs, like the 3D Box bill fold, made with 85 percent post-consumer recycled stainless steel. The woven fabric in the entire line of products, which includes credit-card cases, driving wallets, and a line for women, is designed to block the electronic transmission of personal data from credit cards, driver's licenses, and even passports.

WallyBags garment bag

Amazon.com • $90

There's no excuse for showing up at a business meeting in a suit that looks as if you've slept in it. For your next business trip, travel light with this 42-inch garment bag. It's made of 1,680-denier twill polyester and holds up to six or more pieces of clothing. There's a full-length center zipper and two internal pockets for shoes and accessories. Sling it over your shoulder or use the dual carry handles, which can also slide over the handle of your rolling luggage.

Austin House Travel Comfort Set

Amazon.com • $20

Catch some *zzzs* on your next flight with your personal fleece blanket, eyeshades, inflatable pillow, and plush pillowcase. The blanket measures 48 by 32 inches, and the pillow, which measures 12 by 9 inches, serves as a storage bag for the entire set. All pieces are made of 100 percent polyester.

Over-the-Door Foldaway Valet

Oxo.com • $15

If you find yourself short on space, this valet might come in handy. It adjusts to fit over any door, and there's a lever with nonslip hooks that flips down to hold approximately five suits on hangers, or about 20 pounds. It's made of stainless steel and weighs in at only 7.8 ounces.

Philips Sonicare DiamondClean

Philips.com • $220

This black-edition power toothbrush looks striking when it's in your bathroom charging in its own glass, but it also keeps your teeth in good shape, so you'll want to pack it for your next trip. The diamond-shaped brush head helps to whiten teeth and remove plaque, and there are five illuminated brushing modes (clean, white, polish, gum care, and sensitive). To charge, plug the travel case into a USB port or an electrical outlet. A full charge should last three weeks.

More Than Luxury

Lexus tempts us with a seriously hot sports coupe | By Bill Hoak

Y

and laser brazing.

The heart of any performance car is what's under the hood, and Lexus has graced the RC F with its most powerful production V-8 to date. Described as developing "more than 450 horsepower," it is a first for Lexus in that during more steady-state cruising the engine uses Atkinson-cycle combustion processing for better fuel efficiency, and switches to "Otto cycle" systemics when high performance is required. This engine is mated to an eight-speed Sports Direct Shift transmission, and ultimately gets the muscle to the rear wheels via a Torque Vectoring Differential, which transfers the power using standard, slalom, and track modes. Naturally, the seating is engineered to mold around you and your passengers and secure you in place during aggressive cornering, while keeping you comfortable mile after mile. The driver's instrument pod draws inspiration from both the LFA Supercar and aircraft cockpit instrumentation. That, combined with an elliptical cross-section "thick grip" steering wheel and ergonomically crafted paddle shifters, means the RC F is designed to be as effortless to drive fast on a challenging mountain road as it is to cruise on the motorway en route to the theater.

This duality of purpose ultimately ends up creating a superlative driver's car, showing that riding in a secure, accommodating, entertaining cabin can only enhance an already brilliant chassis and drivetrain. The trick has always been to achieve the twin goals of capability and comfort, and with the RC F, Lexus may have, in fact, reached that elusive goal in a very stylish manner.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine	Five-liter V-8
Torque	More than 383 foot-pounds
Front tires	255/35 19
Curb weight	Less than 3,968 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
Top speed	Estimated 168 mph (electronically limited)
EPA mpg	To be determined
Base price	To be determined

FREEWHEELIN'

The V-Twin Dream Catcher

Stylish past, meet polished present. By Bill Heald

There's nothing quite like a long ribbon of highway lying in front of you, stretching to a distant, enticing horizon that begs you to follow it to its end. There are a lot of ways to take this journey, but in the case of the American road there is no better conveyance than a motorcycle. And if you're into American motorcycles, there's a new player with an old name that not only looks like it's going to stay around this time but has blended the classic design ethos of Indian motorcycles from the past with the latest in contemporary engineering to create something impeccably suited to long-haul touring.

Polaris Industries is known for everything from high-performance snowmobiles to its Victory line of motorcycles, and while many have tried and failed to resurrect the Indian brand, Polaris has acquired it and designed a new line of very promising mounts. And for riders who know a quick scoot can evolve into several weeks in the saddle, they have created the Chieftain, a big, bold, beautiful expression of luxurious, two-wheeled travel. It's powered by the completely new 1,811-cc Thunder Stroke V-twin engine, a chrome locomotive that is modeled on the unique design ethos of the Indian Twins of the past, while embracing the latest in production advancements and power generation. Claiming a massive 115 foot-pounds of torque, this engine has an oil cooler mounted in front, but retains the huge functional cooling fins that are an old-an trademark (and look brilliant). A six-speed transmission and belt final drive deliver the torque efficiently, and while this machine may invoke cool 1940s style, there's a tip of the visor to the twenty-first century rider with standard cruise control, ABS brakes, and an electronically adjustable windscreen (a first for a fairing-mounted unit). The frame is aluminum alloy to help keep this big warrior light on its feet, while the pneumatically adjustable rear shock lets you tailor bump response whether you're traveling light or have a passenger and a full load of ceremonial raiment.

Proving you can respect the past yet incorporate modern conveniences, the saddlebags feature locks that activate via the key (or key fob, actually), while a 100-watt

AM/FM sound system (with B ue-tooth and smartphone ntegration) s onboard to entertain during any ong, flat stretches of scenery you may encounter The th ck leather seat ng surfaces and class c "War Bonnet" embiem mounted atop the heavily valanced front fender further announce that the nd an brand is back and more ref ned and attractive than ever

W th the new Thunder Stroke engine and extensive modern features, this s a tour bike that w defin tely speak to the lure of throw ng your leg over a powerfu steed and speeding off to wherever the road takes you Time wil te but I think the r d ng commun ty wil we come back this American con with open arms and more than a b t of wander ust

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Air/oil-cooled Thunder Stroke V-twin
Bore x stroke	101mm x 113mm
Displacement	1,811 cc
Fuel system	Closed-loop fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	46mm cartridge forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, pneumatic adjustment
Front brakes	Dual 300mm discs, ABS
Rear brake	Single 300mm disc, ABS
Front tire	130/90 B16
Rear tire	180/60 R16
Fuel tank	5.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	26 inches
Curb weight	848 pounds
Base price	$22,999 (Thunder Black 49-state version)

FRESH 'SHINE

Down in the hills of Southeastern Ohio sits New Straitsville, the world's once and future moonshine capital.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

kull cracker Coff n varnish Mule kick Ruckus juice No matter what you call it, moonshine s having a seriously nebriated moment Not since the 1930s have so many bars served cockta s crafted with the high-proof whiskey that, given its ack of barrel-aging, s classically consumed as quickly as it runs off the still Moonshine s raw Moonshine s alluring Moonsh ne is mischievous Moonshine is America distilled by the bottle

Today, you can h t any hoity-toity juke joint and order a bolt of white lightning It's trendy and ut tarian, a method for craft d stillers to sell juice without it spending a second n charred oak As a noun, "moonshine" has a legal veneer that'd make Al Capone's ghost want to gun you down Real moonshine, the kind cooked in hiding is an outlaw Killjoy feds, you see, forbid what they can't regulate or tax

To taste Amer ca's illicit past, turn off that *Moonshiners* episode Fi your car s gas tank Buy an atlas (GPS won't work where you're headed) and navigate deep into Southeast Ohio's Hocking Hills region Here hidden amid old m nes on Appalachia's western fringe, you' l find little ol' New Straitsv lle better known as the moonshine capital of the world (there are a coup e of other p aces that ca themselves the "moonshine cap tal of the world"—Frankl n County, V rginia, and W kes County Tennessee) But New Straitsv e's bootlegg ng prowess during Prohib tion was bound ess From Ca fornia to Chicago to New York, "you could walk into any speakeasy and order a shot of Straitsv lle Specia ," says Cheryl Blosser, president of the New Straitsville History Group

Before booze there was coal The New Straitsville Mining Company founded the town in 1870 to provide worker housing, and by 1880 the boomtown's popu ation topped 4,000 Wh e coal m ners c awed out the hills' little black diamonds, this was no parad se Work was f thy and f nty When miners were dea t a pay cut n 1884, they went on strike In protest, a few men, perhaps emboldened by alcohol, t the mines on fire, igniting a gargantuan coal seam that still smolders today

Good-bye, coal The later o boom was also short-lived With job prospects scarce and Prohibition leaving Americans parched, townsfolk faced a cho ce Break the aw or go broke The deci s on was s mple Former m ners descended into hol ows and abandoned mine shafts, instal ng stills Leftover tracks let boxcars bring in such raw ingredients as sugar and corn The sulfurous spring water lent the moonsh ne a un quely appealing taste And those smoking m nes provided perfect camouflage

"The revenuers"—the liquor agents—"couldn't tell if it was smoke from the fires or steam from the stills," says Br an St Clair, who helps organize the annual Moonsh ne Festival The sheer volume of l quor production caught the Mafia's eye, and they horned in on distribution Everyone made money; no one got caught The whole town was n on it, even children "The k ds were the alarm system," says loca Doug Nutter, an exc table man with a mop of gray hair "If they saw a revenuer the ch ldren would run house to house, shouting, 'The liquor agents are coming'"

"There always has been, and will be, bootleg moonshine in New Straitsville."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSHUA M. BERNSTEIN

Then Prohibition was repealed in 1933. Overnight, prices nosedived and one by one, the stills went cold. Well, almost. In 1970, New Straitsville hosted a huge centennial celebration. Its success led the village to launch the annual Moonshine Festival. Held on the main drag during Memorial Day weekend, the festival follows the state-fair script—carnival rides, deep-fried whatever, parades, bands, and souvenir moonshine jugs. When I first attended, about 15 years ago, I ignored the tchotchkes and sought out New Straitsville's taboo spirit.

I found it near a cartoon mural depicting X-eyed bootleggers. Drip by drip, an old timey still ran off honest-to-goodness corn liquor. The air smelled sweet and slightly rotten, the alcohol fumes like irresistible perfume. I craved a taste. "You can't have a taste," the moonshiner informed me. While a federal permit allowed New Straitsville to distill during the festival, the freewater had to be dumped. What's a moonshine festival without moonshine? I wandered off to Matthews Café to drown my disappointment in whiskey.

When I returned to New Straitsville this winter, Matthews Café had burned down. The sole bar was struggling. A banner at the police station warned residents to drive sober or get pulled over. The population had dwindled to around 700. Even attendance at the Moonshine Festival was declining. "We looked around and said, 'We have to do something or this town will dry up,'" St. Clair recalls.

On New Year's Eve a few years back, longtime friends Nutter and Amie St. Clair—Brian's wife—got to talking about moonshine. Ohio governor John Kasich had recently signed House Bill 243 into law, allowing small distilleries to retail full-size bottles of spirits directly to consumers. Wouldn't it be great if New Straitsville sold moonshine—*legal* moonshine? The business could tap the past while providing a lifeline to the future. With the idea in motion, support snowballed. "The mayor drove up in his truck and asked us what he could do to help," Brian says, laughing.

The team spent the better part of 18 months hammering together the business plan for Straitsville Special Moonshine and the building, a sturdy general store built in the 1920s. The storeroom turned tasting room's wooden shelves are still lined with prices for lard, while the rear room is furnished with several gleaming stills. They're capable of cooking a couple hundred gallons of corn whiskey weekly, which will be bottled on the second floor. "No employee was ever allowed to go up there," Nutter says of the formerly locked-off upstairs. He points to a bricked-over doorway and a rudimentary belt that would've been handy if cops came calling. Sounds like a speakeasy to me. "We don't know for sure," Nutter says, "but you've got to have a place to drink."

Ohioans won't require such secrecy to wet their whistles with New Straitsville's finest. The government, not the Mafia, distributes the 110-proof Straitsville Special and lower-proof flavored liquors statewide. "This little distillery will be sold alongside Jack Daniel's," enthuses Nutter, with unflinching optimism. "We're putting the town back on the map."

Though selling 'shine in Cincinnati is a feather in the distillery's cap, the more pressing matter is raising New Straitsville's flagging fortunes. That's why the tasting room is so vital. Visitors to this month's 43rd annual Moonshine Festival will be able to watch the still demonstration, then cross the street from the fairgrounds and, at last, sample the legendary mule kick. If they like it, folks can legally bring home a couple of quarts daily. If you thirst for more, well, you'll have to head into the hills and search for that telltale smoke plume on the horizon.

"There always has been, and always will be, bootleg moonshine in New Straitsville," Nutter says.

New Straitsville, Ohio

MOONSHINE FESTIVAL

MAY 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1971

• GETTING THERE
Fly into Columbus, Ohio, then drive to New Straitsville. It's about 65 miles away.

• WHERE TO STAY
Inn & Spa at Cedar Falls
InnAtCedarFalls.com
Located in nearby Logan, these cozy, secluded cabins and cottages are perfect for savoring Straitsville Special.

Device Manager

Shift your life into high-tech gear with these slick wares.

By Crispin Boyer

P502ui-B1 UltraHD TV

Vizio • $1,000

If you hedfast to your ancient high-def boob tube whi e your early-adopter pals sunk thousands nto Ultra HD te evisions now is your hour to gloat Vizio, maestro of home-theater thrift, has unleashed its P-Series of 4K telev s ons at pr.ces starting at ust a grand These TVs go beyond offering four t mes the reso ution of standard 1080p HD An advanced upscaler transforms 1080p resolution into Ultra HD which is essential considering that 4K content is sti l scarce A built-in image processer automat cally se ects the frame rate—from up to 120 frames per second—depending on the native mode of your media (so old movies won't look ike soap operas and new games will absolute y scream) And while a 50-inch screen is a bit tty-bitty to display the ntense deta l of 4K the entry-leve model s stil a no-brainer buy for ts future-proofing features a one

StriimLIGHT B-10 Bluetooth speaker

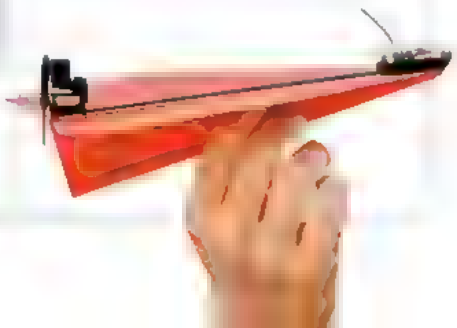
AwoX • $99

Two bright ideas in one mood-sett ng package the StriimLIGHT comb nes a long-last ng LED bulb w th a smal speaker that streams music from any Bluetooth-enabled dev ce The 40-watt bulb screws nto any standard l ght socket wh ch also provides power for the speaker At just ten watts, this min ma ist system won't exact y rattle the room, but t de vers crisp sound perfect for dorms and offices The included remote controls volume and the ght so you don't have to hoof t to the switch A beefier (and pr cier) W-F- enabled version features dimming controls a s gna booster and the abi ty to ink multiple ghts to the same music source

PowerUp 3.0 smartphone-controlled paper airplane

PowerUp • $50

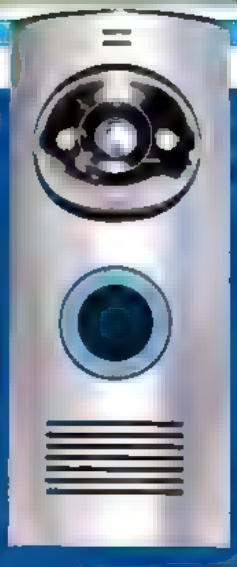
A remote-control a rp ane is a risky nvest ment for any wannabe p lots stil learn ng up from down. Th s kit lowers the stakes while simplify ng fl ght It's a ightweight propuls on unit that connects via Bluetooth to your iPhone (Android dev ces aren't supported) Attach the rod-shaped device to any paper airplane connect it to your phone, and toss it in the a r T it your phone to bank the plane and s ide the on-screen controls to adjust altitude t fies for ten minutes on a single charge, and can go up to 180 feet from your phone Crashes and rough and ngs won t make you a soar loser ust dust off the propeller nstall it on a new paper a rframe and you re ready to go up, up, and away



DacMagic XS headphone amplifier

Cambridge Audio • $150

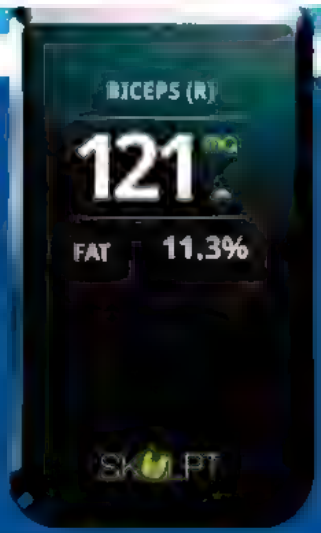
That headphone jack on your PC or Mac isn't doing your media any favors. Even if you plug in a pricey pair of 'phones, you're still funneling your tunes through a crummy analog bottleneck. The DacMagic amplifier is a slim, sturdy aluminum dongle that plugs into any USB port and maintains the original integrity of your digital audio (movies, MP3s, games, streaming services, etc.). The built-in amplifier goes a step further and actually improves the quality of your audio, making for deeper bass, better clarity, and more power overall. You can also use the DacMagic to integrate your laptop into your high-end home-audio system.



DoorBot

DoorBot • $199

It might sound like an Autobot from one of the *Transformer* flicks, but it accomplishes a heroic real-life task: It keeps you hidden from solicitors, psycho exes, door-to-door zealots, and anyone else on your no-entry list. It installs over your doorbell, upgrading it with a camera and microphone/speaker. The weatherproof brushed-aluminum unit links via Wi-Fi to multiple smartphones and tablets, letting you lie low. There's a night-vision mode, and the internal battery charges off your doorbell wiring for more than a year before requiring a recharge. Combine it with the $349 Lockitron robo deadbolt to grant automated access to your house—even when you're not home.



Aim body analyzer

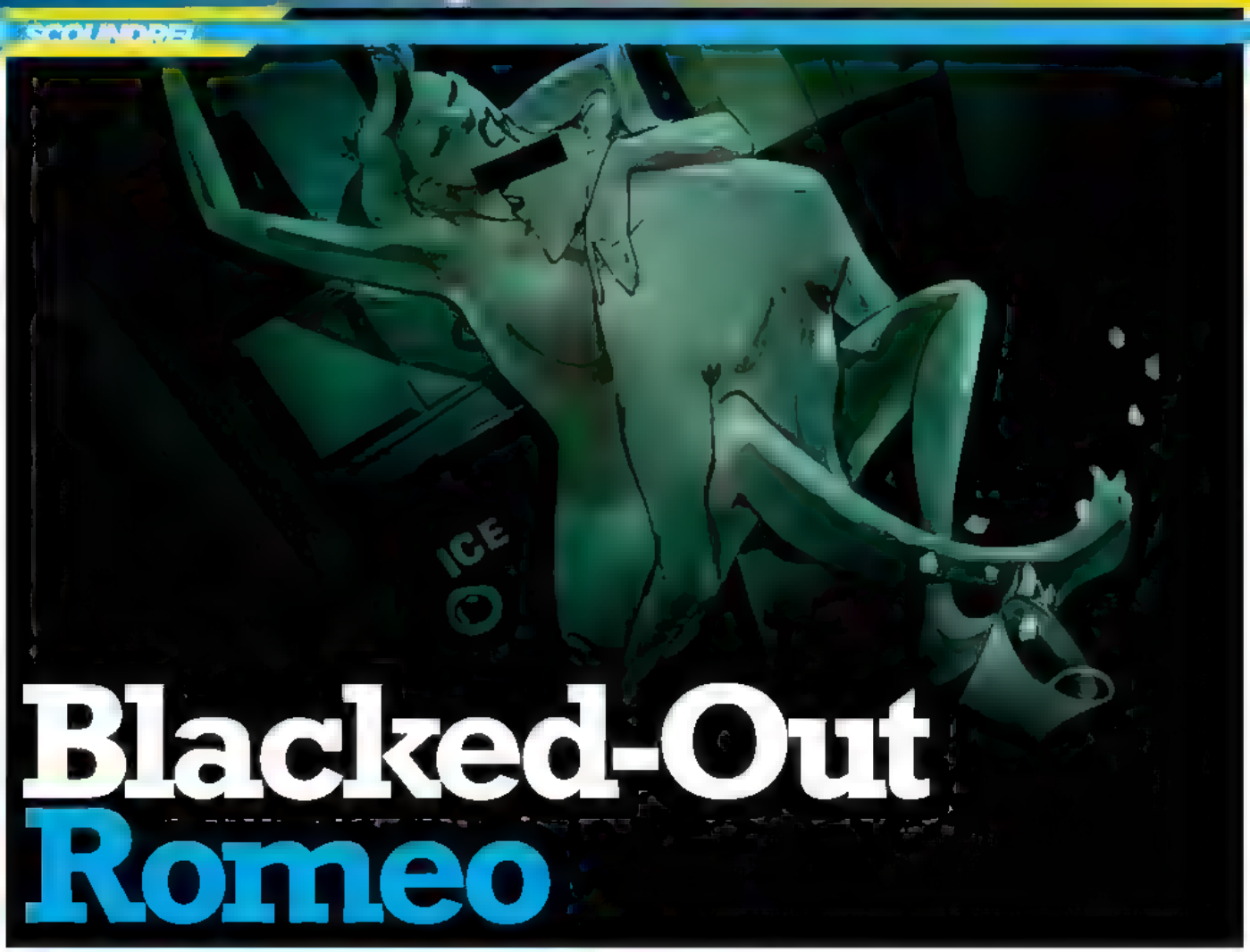
Budget • $149

Just in time to help you tone up for a shirtless summer, the Aim fitness analyzer goes beyond measuring your body-fat percentage to track improvements in muscle strength and general riptitude. Simply press the water-resistant (read: sweat-proof) sensor against the muscle group you want to monitor—your pecs, biceps, quads, etc. In seconds, the Aim displays the muscle quality (or MQ) of that muscle group's strength and definition (the average MQ is 100, similar to an IQ). The Aim also links to your smartphone via Bluetooth to display the overall progress of your entire bod, so you can focus on your weak spots and avoid throwing your body out of balance.

DSC-QX10 smartphone lens

Sony • $200

More and more camera makers are taking the same approach to the point-and-shoots built into every cellphone: If they can't beat them, enhance them. Sony's approach is both smart and a little mesmerizing to look at. The DSC-QX10 doesn't snap over your phone's existing camera. It's actually a standalone lens system that uses your Android or Apple device as a viewfinder and touch screen. You can snap the lens to your phone's body with a sturdy clip or hold it separately (and a little awkwardly). The lens is a big step up from your phone's hardware, offering 10X zoom, image stabilization and 18.2 megapixel resolution for photos (and 30p video). You can also set it up remotely to snap less obnoxious selfies.



Blacked-Out Romeo

Ever mess up in the throes of passion and get too romantic with a fuck buddy? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to keep from ruining everyone's vacation.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I'm writing this while on vacation with a group of friends. The fact that I'm sitting in a hotel room and typing this out should illustrate the severity of the situation.

I fucked a really good female friend on the first night of the trip, though I'll be honest and admit I blacked out the entire event. I don't remember much about the sex, but we've had sex before, so it didn't come as a complete shock to wake up with her the next morning. But apparently I said some incredibly heartfelt things in my drunken state. She told me all about it the next morning. And her reaction wasn't "I can't believe you said these things!" but "I've felt the same way all along!"

I don't feel that way. Superdrunk me might feel that way, but supersober me is totally cool with a friendship and occasional sex. I've been avoiding her all day, but it's going to be hard to hide at such a small resort.

There's no way this is going to end well, but how do I at least let her down easy? More important, how do I avoid the whole conversation until we get back home?

I envy you, my friend. Not for your current predicament, but because when you black out from drinking, you function well enough to have sex. The last time I blacked out and attempted sex, I woke up in a county jail with my underwear outside my pants and a nagging suspicion that I would not be welcomed back to the next family reunion.

Letters like yours make me wish I had the motivation to write down some general rules of situational sex. For example, I could write an entire list of the acceptable and unacceptable sexual situations in regard to vacations. No. 1 would be: Have as much sex as possible with anyone and everyone *except* your traveling companions. Fucking your buddies on vacation is an awful idea.

It's too late for you to go back and avoid breaking a rule I was too lazy to write down, so here's how you make the best of it: Keep screwing her. Go crazy with it. Fuck her in your room, her room, the showers, the hotel pool, the lobby, in that little spot next to the ice machine, and anywhere else she's down for banging. Worry about real life when you're back on home soil. If you're not interested in her for anything past fucking, she's going to end up hating you anyway, so why not put off that conversation until baggage claim?

One word of advice: If you're going to screw next to the ice machine, make sure there's another person involved and it's not with the actual ice machine. Although hearing the judge say "fornicating with a hotel ice dispenser" that morning after I woke up in jail was hilarious.

Mint Condition

Make this year's Kentucky Derby extra easy by batching Juleps with these bargain bourbons.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

My favorite piece of furniture is my booze credenza. The handsome wooden cabinetry is filled with tablecloths and board games my wife and I are never bored enough to play. The real fun is found on top, where dozens of spirits stand like glass soldiers eager to wage war on your liver.

The hard stuff is arranged by category. On the far right you'll find tequila, then it runs left to vodka, gin, rum, Scotch, rye, and, finally, bourbon. "I'll have a bourbon," my friends invariably request when they visit, draining bottles of Smooth Amber Old Scout single-barrel, Four Roses, unfiltered Booker's, or another paycheck-consuming spirit.

But you don't need to bust your budget to get quality bourbon. For less than $30 (sometimes far less) you can buy that classic American spirit made from at least 51 percent corn and aged in freshly charred oak barrels, and get one that's as complex as a Rubik's Cube, not merely colored firewater. Typically at parties, I'll arrange several affordable bourbons on a tableful of decidedly mixers, enabling a DIY assault on sobriety.

That laziness won't cut it for the Kentucky Derby, which merits a Mint Julep. The recipe is a simple marvel. Mint or spearmint is muddled with simple syrup, and then they're introduced to a few ounces of bourbon. The heady mixture is transferred to, ideally, a silver-plated tumbler or frosted glass filled with crushed or pebbled ice. Garnished with mint and finished with a straw, it's the flawless way to sip away a sunny day. Whipping up a few Juleps is easy peasy. Making 50? That'll muddle your afternoon. The solution is batching your Juleps. Portions, not effort, are increased, allowing you to focus on the important things—like drinking and gambling. To maximize time and money, I turned to Jim Meehan, the bartender/proprietor at New York City's lauded lounge PDT and the author of *The PDT Cocktail Book*.

"If you don't want to muddle the mint, perhaps because you're batching for a big group, your best bet is to make a mint syrup," Meehan begins. The technique is simple. Soak mint in simple syrup (a one-to-one dissolved mixture of sugar and water) overnight in the fridge, and then remove the leaves in the morning. (Alternately, gently muddle mint in simple syrup to extract the oils, then strain the syrup.) No matter the method, use the syrup swiftly. "It will begin tasting unpleasantly vegetal after a couple of days," Meehan cautions.

As for budget bourbons, Meehan likes a higher-proof spirit, such as Wild Turkey 101, W. L. Weller Antique 107, or Johnny Drum Private Stock 101. "When it comes down to it, you need a powerful bourbon to stand up to all the ice in this drink," he explains. Unlike your race wager, any of these bourbons are a guaranteed bet.

W. L. Weller Antique 107

The 107-proof wheated bourbon (think Maker's Mark) packs spicy heat, with a sweet bouquet and a honeyed, cinnamon-tearing edge.

Old Grand-Dad 114

Though the 100-proof version of this rye-focused bourbon is Meehan's preferred budget bourbon, he suggests paying a few extra bucks for the 114-proof expression.

Wild Turkey 101

Despite the high proof, the full-bodied 101 remains rather soft and rich, with dominant notes of vanilla and caramel backed by citrus.

Johnny Drum Private Stock 101

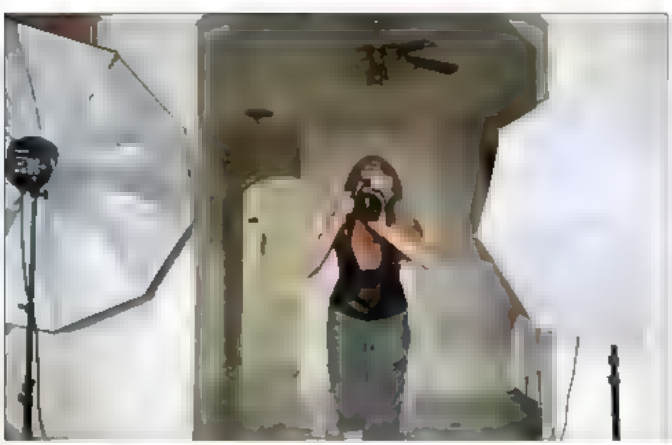
The mahogany-hued juice pairs an intense bouquet of pine trees and smoke with a sweet and spicy punch to the palate. Pepper and mint linger.

Mint Julep

Turning Key Girls Into Keyes Girls

We take you behind the scenes with photographer Cassandra Keyes.

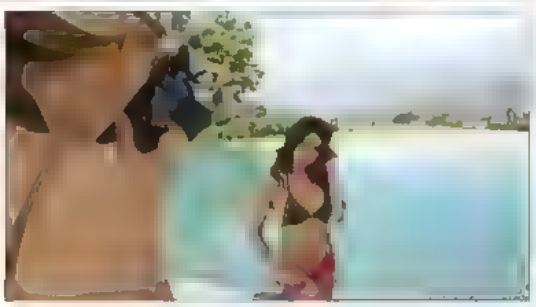
We recently set up a week-long *Penthouse* trip to a luxurious resort in San José, Costa Rica, and Australian photographer Cassandra Keyes took full advantage of every opportunity to capture the exquisiteness and sexual appeal of her four models: April 2013 Australian Pet of the Month Scarlett Morgan; Key Girls from the new Penthouse Club in Auckland, New Zealand, Skylar Leigh and Lily; and Asia, a Key Girl from the New Orleans Penthouse Club. Keyes used a variety of locations that enhanced the beauty of each model and offers us a revealing look at how the trip—and those heart-stopping pictorials—came together.

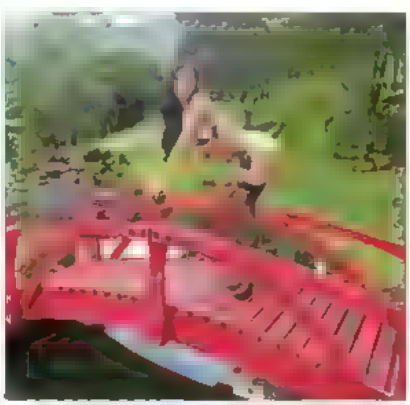


"I was in New Zealand with *Australian Penthouse* for the grand opening of the new Penthouse Club in Auckland, and on a particularly windy night we started talking about how great it would be to shoot in the tropics, and I said, 'Count me in.' Of course! *Penthouse* had some great contacts in Costa Rica, so after a bit of planning, models from three countries and I landed in San José. It definitely fulfilled something I've wanted to do for a long time.

"When we first started discussing the shoot, the plan was to get girls who were involved with *Penthouse* and the Penthouse Clubs. Scarlett definitely stood out with her amazing natural breasts and her great personality. I'd shot both Skylar and Lily previously and knew they were naturals in front of the camera. I also knew they would make the trip fun. I can't take credit for Asia, although I'd like to, because she was amazing both on camera and off. She was scouted through *Penthouse*."

"**Scarlett**'s first location was on the deck overlooking the city of San José, and as the mist blew in, it created a very white sky. With the white columns of the White House Hotel and the white tiles, it made the perfect backdrop for Scarlett to stand out, with her dark hair and red lingerie. Scarlett is always eager to get the perfect shot, so if it means pulling out her acrobatic skills, she's up for it. I was pretty lucky in that she was willing and able to pull off some creative poses."

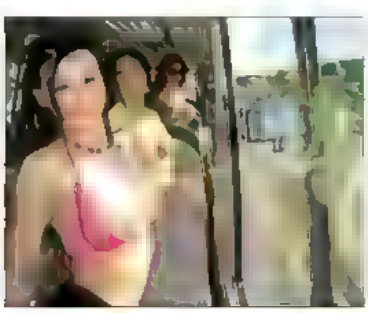


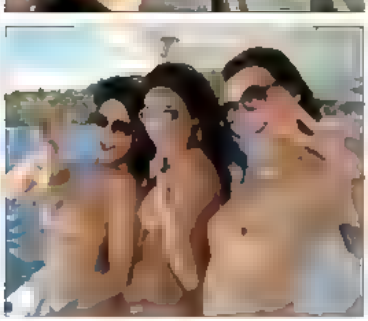


"I figured that if we were going to be in an exotic location like Costa Rica, we had to try to shoot as much as we could outside. Otherwise, we could be anywhere. Since it was rainy season we did encounter some problems. The clouds started to roll in every day at around 1 P.M., so we had to start makeup around 5 A.M. in order to get the shots before it rained. The models were good sports, though, and we managed to get some great shots."

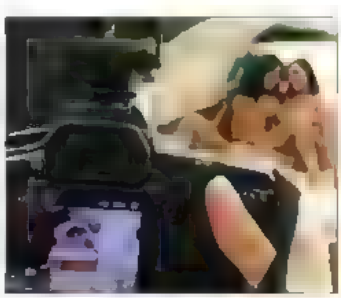
"**Skylar** has a very exotic look, and when I saw that location I knew she was the right girl to pull it off. The location looked right out of a movie set, so it complemented Skylar's Hollywood glamour perfectly. It was relatively easy setting up her shoot since everything was there, not to mention we had a chef bringing us amazing food, and a wonderful makeup artist making sure Skylar was picture-perfect!

"We had a lot of help during all the shoots from our amazing makeup artist, Lina, and her extremely helpful assistant, Sarah, in pulling everything together. But the girls were all very professional and kept their cool no matter what was going on."



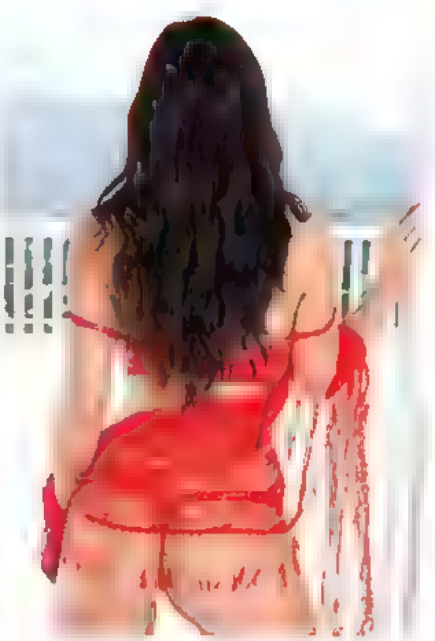


"Shooting in Costa Rica was amazing. Nothing can compare to shooting in a natural and beautiful environment. You can't help but feel sexy when you're somewhere exotic, enjoying the natural surroundings and the warm tropical breezes. It definitely has complexities, like working around the weather, traveling, keeping the models focused on the task at hand, and not being lured out to explore the nightlife. It was probably one of the tougher shoots I've done, but I would do it again in a heartbeat!"



"**Asia** and **Lily** were a natural fit. Not only did they look great together, but their chemistry was undeniable. They had the ability to laugh and joke around on set, then be serious and sexual.

"Asia had brought a bunch of amazing outfits that she'd made, and the floral swimsuits were part of her wardrobe selection. I thought it gave the girls a tropical feel, and the location helped set the mood. It was a particularly hot day when we shot that, so not only did it look good (who doesn't like wet girls?), it was a nice relief from the scorching day. The girls didn't mind at all, though the wet clothes seemed to be tricky to get off—of course they managed it in the end. Everyone had fun that day!"



scarlett fever

Scarlett Morgan was Pet of the Month in *Australian Penthouse* in April 2013, and we're delighted to welcome her to these pages with these all-new photos. After all, the busty 29-year-old is only doing what comes naturally. "I'm constantly getting myself in trouble for being nude in places I shouldn't be," she says. "I'll go hiking and have uncontrollable urges to get naked. Apparently, people don't like it when I sunbathe topless at the beach, either." We, however, are happy to ogle Scarlett and her lush 39-25-40 curves anytime—the more bare, the better.

Photographs by Cassandra Keyes

"If I won a million dollars, I would build an agave farm in the middle of Australia and make tequila. It would be called 32FF Tequila, and the bottle would be molded from my breast."

"Describe my first time in three words? 'Yes. YES. *YESSS!*' Since then I've had sex in lots of places, but the most exciting was under the stars in the back of a Land Rover in the Aussie outback."

"The biggest advantage to people thinking I'm attractive is that I get to be in *Penthouse*. On the downside, I get a lot of cock shots sent to me on Facebook, and I don't have time to look at them all."

"Women have to be comfortable telling men what they want. If I'm ready to sleep with someone new, I just take what I want. And by 'take,' I mean I ask him over for dinner and a movie."

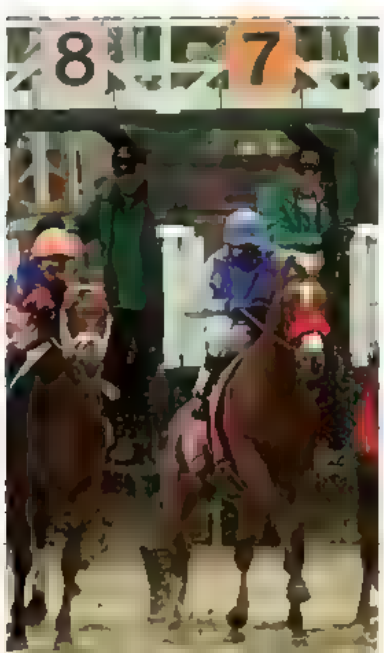
SEE MORE OF SCARLETT AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

THE WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS

We go spanning the globe to bring you the skinny on a colorful variety of sporting destinations.

By Noah Davis

Sports and travel are two great tastes that definitely taste great together. If you're a sports fan, why not combine them this spring or summer, two ideal travel seasons that are chock-full of outstanding sporting events around the world? To make it easier for you, we've compiled a handy guide selecting a choice menu of events and breaking each one down into bite-size parts. We've picked where to go, how best to navigate the venue, what to look for, and, perhaps most important, where to find the best eye candy. All you have to do is show up and enjoy.



Event: Kentucky Derby
Date: May 3
Location: Churchill Downs, Louisville, Kentucky
Website: KentuckyDerby.com
Travel Tips: Arrive a few days early, before the crowds overwhelm the track. Check out "Dawn at the Downs," where you can enjoy a genuine Southern breakfast buffet while watching the horses work out. On race day, get to the infield gates at least an hour before they open. Trust us. Postrace, hit up Dairy Kastle for some ice cream.
Stars/Favorites: Early odds have Honor Code and New Year's Day as the front-runners. But of course much could change by Derby Day—and rooting for the underdog is more fun anyway.
Eye Candy: Southern belles will abound as far as the eye can see, and then some. Bring your best hat and dress to impress. Don't rule out going in costume, as many groups do.

Event: UEFA Champions League final
Date: May 24
Location: Estádio da Luz, Lisbon, Portugal
Website: UEFA.com/UEFAChampionsLeague/index.html
Travel Tips: Portugal's capital city is experiencing a dramatic resurgence as the government invests cash to rejuvenate its ailing infrastructure. The Bairro Alto neighborhood is your newest nightlife hot spot, full of bars, clubs, and people looking to party.
Stars/Favorites: Don't be surprised if star-studded defending champion Bayern Munich meets either Chelsea or Real Madrid.
Eye Candy: Have you *seen* some of the wives and girlfriends of famous soccer players? Throw in Lisbon's growing fashion set and thousands of well-heeled tourists in a Mediterranean climate for the big game, and you may pull a neck muscle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT, DUNCAN NEWNHAM/GETTY IMAGES; BOB THOMAS POPPER/PHOTOGETTY IMAGES)

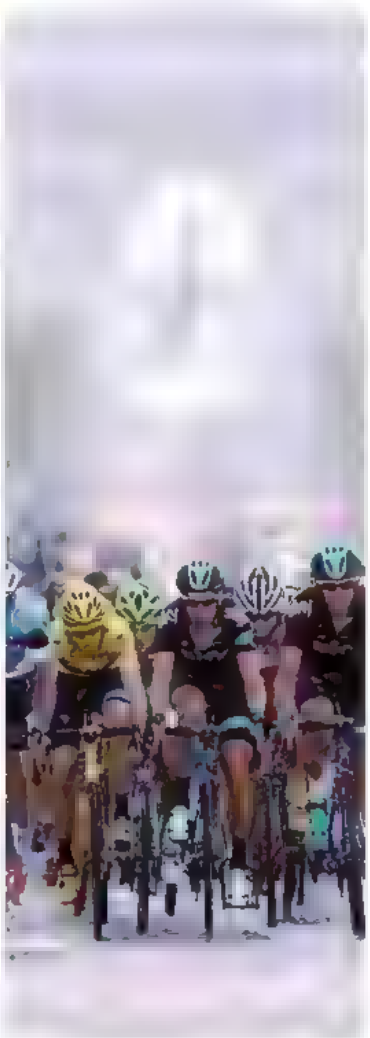
Event: French Open
Date: May 25–June 8
Location: Roland Garros; Paris, France
Website: RolandGarros.com/en_FR
Travel Tips: If you can't get tickets to late-round matches (or don't feel like shelling out the euros), don't worry: Massive screens around the city, including one at the Paris City Hall, will broadcast the proceedings from Roland Garros. Heck, that might be more fun anyway.
Stars/Favorites: Spanish clay-court maestro Rafael Nadal is the perennial man to beat.
Eye Candy: 20-year-old Canadian Eugenie Bouchard exploded onto the world stage when she reached the semifinals at the 2014 Australian Open. Add her to the list of stunning tennis players that includes Slovakian Daniela Hantuchová, Serbian Ana Ivanovic, and Russian-by-way-of-Florida Maria Sharapova.

Event: U.S. Open (Golf)
Date: June 12–15
Location: Pinehurst Resort & Country Club; Pinehurst, North Carolina
Website: USGA.USOpen.com
Travel Tips: Make sure to stop in the Village of Pinehurst, a National Historic Landmark initially designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, the man responsible for the iconic Central Park in New York City.
Stars/Favorites: 2013 runner-up Phil Mickelson should be in contention again, and it's always fun to speculate if Tiger Woods will ever win another major.
Eye Candy: This event is bound to be a bit of a sausage party, but you'll be in sunny North Carolina for four days. Look around, odds are you'll like what you see.

Event: FIFA World Cup
Date: June 12–July 13
Location: Brazil
Website: FIFA.com/worldcup
Travel Tips: It's easier than you might expect to get tickets, either through official FIFA channels or on the ground in Brazil. Just be careful to purchase legit ones. And bring plenty of cash. This trip won't be cheap.
Stars/Favorites: Brazil, of course. But also 2010 champion Spain, the resilient Germans, and Argentina, led by brilliant Lionel Messi. Not appearing on this list: the United States.
Eye Candy: Two words: Larissa Riquelme. Google her. Trust us. Also: Brazil in the summer. This might well be the most carnally appealing sporting event of all time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TO BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT): MED NA/GETTY IMAGES; ATTON PLUS SPORTS/ALAMY; ROSSI/GETTY IMAGES

Event: Wimbledon
Date: June 23–July 6
All England Club, London, England
Website: Wimbledon.com
If you're not lucky enough to get one of the few Centre, No. 1, and No. 2 court tickets released day of (get there *early* for a shot), pick up a Grounds Admission pass and wander the premises. You'll see excellent tennis, especially in the early rounds, for a fraction of the price.
Stars/Favorites: Novak Djokovic is the man to beat, but hometown fave Andy Murray will contend as well. On the women's side, it's hard to bet against Sharapova's power, or Serena Williams, if she plays.
In addition to the bevy of beauties from the Women's Tennis Association, Wimbledon's status as the classiest of the Grand Slams means the spectators dress to the nines. You might find a proper Englishwoman to inspire improper thoughts over strawberries and cream.

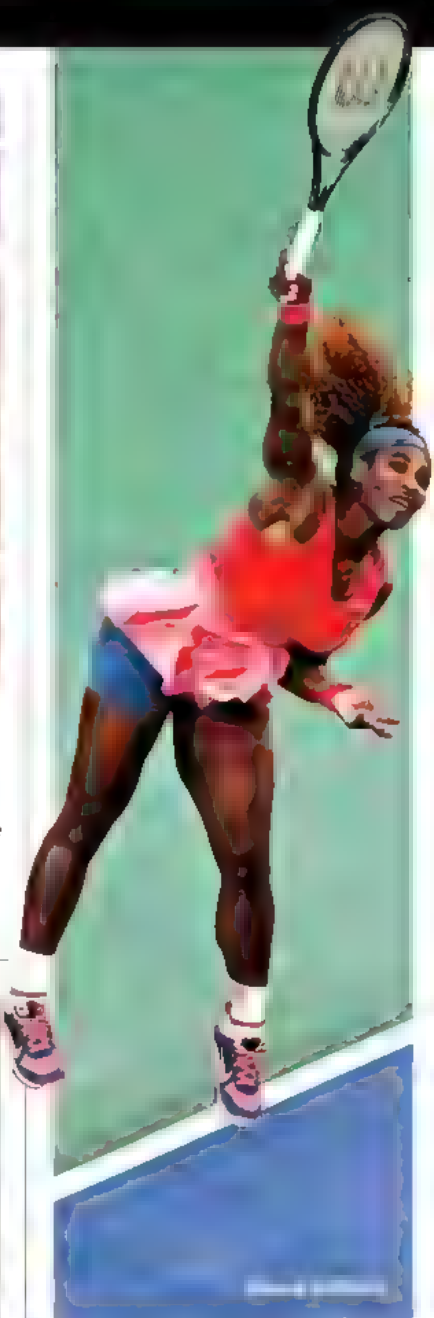


Event: Tour de France
Date: July 5–27
France, obviously. But also weirdly, England. Riders start in Leeds and travel through York, Sheffield, and Cambridge before jumping across the English Channel.
Website: LeTourfr/le-tour/2014/us
Make sure you're there on the penultimate day, a 33.5-mile all-out individual time trial sprint between Bergerac and Périgueux. It's the only individual time trial of the race—usually there are two—and could very well decide the winner.
Stars/Favorites: The U.K.'s Chris Froome dominated the 2013 Tour and should do so again.
On July 27, the elite women take to the pavement in La Course by Le Tour de France. It's the first installment of what Tour organizers hope will become an iconic event. Get there for the final sprint on the Champs-Élysées.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) JULIAN FINNEY/GETTY IMAGES; BRYN LENNON/GETTY IMAGES

Event: Running of the Nudes
Date: July 5–6
Pamplona, Spain
Website: RunningOfTheNudes.com
Travel Tips: The event started in 2002, on a whim, as a protest by animal activists against the Running of the Bulls that takes place two days later. It's grown into a party with a purpose. Have a little fun, make a statement, and run with absolutely no risk of getting gored.
Stars/Favorites: You'll have to see for yourself.
Location: We don't have to spell this one out, do we?

Event: British Open (Golf)
Date: July 17–20
Location: Royal Liverpool Golf Club, Hoylake, England
Website: TheOpen.com
Travel Tips: The course lies just 11 miles east of Liverpool, and it's an easy train ride on the Merseyrail Wirral Line to Hoylake. Tack on a five-minute walk to the course and you're watching the best golfers in the world.
Stars/Favorites: Woods is the favorite at the 143rd British Open, but don't sleep on Mickelson or Adam Scott.
Location: We'll just say this: The north of England will surprise you—and the lasses can *drink* up there.

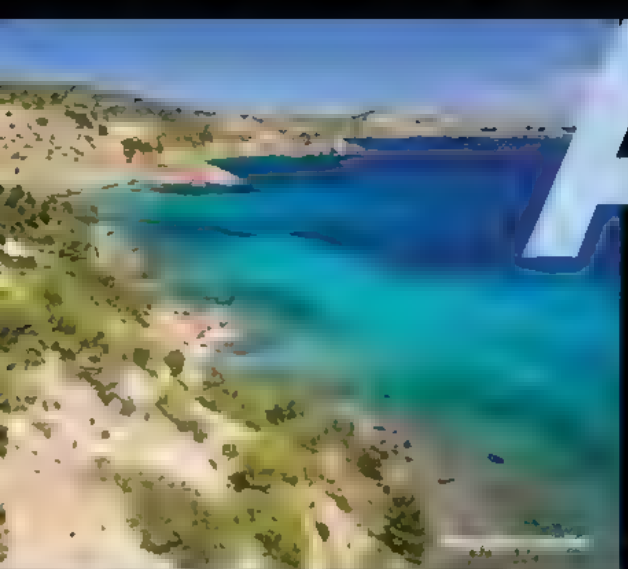


Event: U.S. Open (Tennis)
Date: August 25–September 8
Location: Flushing Meadows, Queens, New York
Website: USOpen.org
Travel Tips: New York hotels are impossibly expensive. Check out sites like ArBnB.com for simple, affordable places to stay within subway distance of Flushing Meadows.
Stars/Favorites: Can Roger Federer win another title at the most American of Grand Slams? (No, but he's fun to root for.)
Location: Numerous celebrities, and the fashion crowd, led by *Vogue* editrix Anna Wintour, make trekking to Queens something of a tradition. Yes, that means supermodels at Arthur Ashe Stadium.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY... (illegible) FROM TOP: V. NEWTON/WESTERN PS...; ORB 5; ELSA/GETTY IMAGES; HARDHEAT 4; GETTY IMAGES

GLOBAL HOT ZONES

Forget public displays of affection. We found some of the best spots on the planet for public displays of nudity.



A nude beach presents immeasurable opportunities to admire the female form, but bear in mind that at many of these spots, you'll be asked to strip down yourself if you come off as a looky-loo. There are a few other things to keep in mind when you head to a nude beach.

1. Don't forget to take sunscreen. Lots of sunscreen.
2. Staring is déclassé. Bring sunglasses so you can be discreet.
3. *Do not* try to get away with sneaking photos.
4. It's not a huge deal if you pop wood, but at many beaches the polite thing to do is lie on your stomach till your boner subsides.

Le Centre Hélio-Marin
Montalivet, France

This beautiful beach is credited with starting the nude-sunbathing craze way back in 1950, so how could we not give it props? Just bear in mind that the resort there has 2,000 campsites and bungalows, and the whole place is family-friendly.

Red Beach
Santorini, Greece

As if the red sand, deep blue water, and ancient caves and ruins weren't enough, this gorgeous stretch of sand, which is accessible by foot or boat, has incredible red sandstone cliffs as a backdrop for all the eye candy.

Crete, Greece
The naturists' crescent of beach here boasts calm, turquoise water and coarse, white sand, creating a tranquil environment under the cliffs. There are umbrellas and lounge chairs for rent and available showers, plus the area is known as a great spot for scuba diving.

Ibiza, Spain
Most beaches in Spain allow at least partial nudity, but don't miss this playground for the rich and famous. A visit here will provide the best glimpse of the beautiful people.

Copenhagen, Denmark
A nude beach in Northern Europe seems like a contradiction, but this hot spot 15 minutes from the middle of the city provides a great escape during the summer.

Cape Town, South Africa
This is an unofficial nude beach, where the limited access makes it difficult to patrol. You'll find a gorgeous setting, with mountains in the distance, and great surfing.

Dorset, England
Yep, even the stiff-upper-lip Brits have a sanctioned nude beach, and it's not as much of a sausagefest as that name might lead you to believe. It's part of the Natural Trust-protected Studland Bay, a nature preserve, and the nude area was expanded last year to include the dunes as well. If you like your au naturel experience to be natural, this should top your list.

Dubrovnik, Croatia
Croatia is hitting a niche travel market, with 30-plus locations for naturists. Lokrum Island, a mostly undeveloped natural area, is a 15-minute water-taxi ride from the city. You'll also find a Benedictine monastery, an old French fort, and a botanical garden.

New South Wales, Australia
Samurai is the site of an annual naked beach carnival, picnic days, and other organized events. The camping area in the dunes is legally clothing optional, so be careful around the campfire. Bear in mind that a lot of the people here are serious nudists, not coeds on spring break, so it's an older more out-of-shape group than at some other beaches.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLAYA ESPAÑOLETT ADRIAN METTELAAR/ALAMY (PEAK) ASBEARTH HORIZONS WWW.ALAMY

Perth, Australia

Although it's not technically legal, this is one of most popular nude beaches in Australia. The entire beach is undeveloped and natural, but, as is the case with several of the beaches on this list, the nudist section is just one small part of the strip of sand

New Zealand

This is the closest to a sanctioned nude beach as you'll find in New Zealand. If you want to fully experience the au naturel movement, look into the nearby Waitata Bay Naturist Retreat. Just keep in mind that there will be other people's kids around, some of them naked as well

Orient Bay, St. Martin

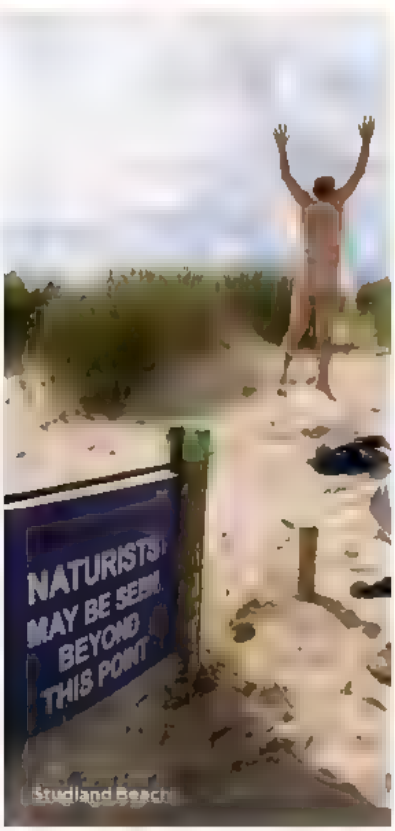
The nude beach here is open to the public but part of a nude resort, Club Orient, so this is another good option for the full naturist experience. The resort has all the usual amenities from spa services and massages on the beach to water sports and restaurants. Like most nudist resorts, it's family-friendly

St. Barts

This island is another well-known playground for the rich and famous, particularly Americans, so a trip here is far from cheap. The clean, white sand at the quiet beach is worth the journey, and the snorkeling is world-class. You'll have to carry your own umbrellas, snacks, and drinks, though

Santa Catarina, Brazil

Considering that this is the country that popularized bikini bottoms so skimpy that they necessitate a full wax, nude beaches are surprisingly rare. Back in 1987, this was the first sanctioned au naturel beach in Brazil, and it's one of the rare ones where people may tell you to strip if you're clothed



Bahia, Brazil

This is the more off-the-beaten-path option in Brazil. There's a single access road in, and then you need to walk nearly a mile to get to the beach. The stunning scenery, including a river flowing behind the dunes, makes it worth the trek. You'll also see a much less affluent slice of Brazilian life

Margarita Island, Venezuela

This hot spot attracts visitors from around the world who want to relax in the buff, then get a little wild at all-night parties. The area boasts numerous concessions, restaurants, and hotels, making this an easy choice for multiple-day stays

Vancouver, Canada

Who would have thought that those polite Canadians would have the largest nude beach in North America? This almost-five-mile stretch of isolated beachfront offers live music, body painting, massages, and even a vendor's row. Be warned: You might find it disconcerting/family-friendly

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (STUD. AND BEACH) TRAVEL B PRIME/ALAMY (GUNNISON BEACH) AMY TOENSING/GETTY IMAGES

THE HOMEGROWN TALENT

Looking to ogle some eye candy without leaving the country? Don't miss the spectacular options across these great United States of ours.

Little Beach
Maui, Hawaii

It's not legal to sunbathe nude at this volcanic beach, but since the law hasn't been enforced for years, the odds are in your favor. And if the human sightseeing doesn't appeal to you, it's also a good spot for bodysurfing and whale watching. Oh, and track down local artist Dr. Leisure, who's been painting landscapes here for years.

Haulover Beach
Miami, Florida

This is one of the few government-sanctioned nude beaches in the States. As such, it has lifeguards and police patrols, concessions, and restrooms. There are even scheduled group activities (think volleyball, not orgy). It's a great spot to check out Miami's beautiful people, but it also attracts snowbirds from Canada and other tourists from around the world.

Black's Beach
San Diego, California

This isolated, hard-to-reach, and typically uncrowded oasis off the underwater Scripps Canyon in Southern California is a nudist paradise. You'll even find surfers baring it all, aka "hanging 11."

Gunnison Beach
Sandy Hook, New Jersey

The characters on *Jersey Shore* were exaggerated, but you'll still find a large number of guidos and guidettes on the only legal nude beach in the New York City area. Keep your headphones handy and your tunes cranked up so you can ignore the chatter while you check out the sights.

UFO Beach
South Padre Island, Texas

This is yet another stretch of American beachfront that locals have co-opted for nude sunbathing. It's named for the evacuation pod that marks off the clothing-optional area. This is a must-add to any spring-break excursion to South Padre.

DENIED TILL THEY DIE

Many veterans who served their country during the Vietnam War are being denied health benefits because of one small detail: They never had boots on the ground.

By Jennifer Peters

Joe Faletta spent 25 years in the Navy, which included multiple tours of duty to Vietnam in the late sixties and early seventies. In 1970 and 1971, he spent time onboard a ship docked a quarter-mile off the coast of Vietnam. Faletta is part of what is referred to as the Blue Water Navy, those who served aboard ships that were anchored in the blue ocean, as opposed to the brown-water boats that were located in river outlets and canals that were physically within the borders of Vietnam.

The distinction between blue- and brown-water vets is a huge issue when it comes to benefits for exposure to Agent Orange and its primary ingredient, dioxin. Those in the blue-water group have little recourse when they begin suffering the effects of dioxin poisoning. But, as Faletta points out, the toxic chemicals didn't differentiate between those on land and those at sea. "My ship got hit with Agent Orange," he says. "We didn't know what it was at first, but we were covered with it."

And it isn't only sailors who suffer. Conrad Dupre served in the Air Force for 30 years, including a year during the Vietnam War. His job was to load and off-load planes in Da Nang, and he received three medals for his service, one of which, he says, you can be eligible for only if you had "boots on the ground." But when Dupre applied for VA benefits in 2011, believing his deteriorating health was due to Agent Orange exposure, he was denied because the VA could not find proof that he had ever spent time in Vietnam.

This would be heartbreaking even if only Faletta and Dupre had such stories, but there are many, many more. Filmmaker Tracee Beebe started investigating the problem when her father got sick a few years ago and his neurologist suggested it might be related to Agent Orange. When the VA turned down her father's claim for benefits, saying they had no record of him serving in Vietnam, Beebe began looking into other cases. "It's an epidemic," Beebe says. "I found so many guys who were in worse shape than my dad, and it lit a fire in me." She used her rage to begin work on a documentary, *The Unremembered*, about vets who are in her father's shoes because they can't prove they had their boots on the ground. Beebe's father was stationed in Hawaii during the war, but he'd worked in Vietnam, flying cargo planes back and forth between the Pacific islands. Unfortunately, his flights were classified, and all records were destroyed within weeks of taking place. Some of the cargo, Beebe believes, may have been Agent Orange, and she thinks it's possible that he flew through clouds of the herbicide while making deliveries.

Agent Orange benefits, however, are based on the VA's presumption of exposure rules. In 1991, Congress approved the Agent Orange Act, which gave the VA the authority to list certain conditions as presumptive of Agent Orange exposure. All veterans who'd served in Vietnam were eligible to receive benefits and treatment if they suffered from a host of approved ailments, including non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, soft-tissue sarcoma, and a number of other cancers. Over the years, more illnesses were added to the list, including respiratory diseases, type 2 diabetes, and peripheral neuropathy.

While this should have led to more vets qualifying for benefits, the opposite occurred. In 2002, the

VA began limiting coverage to those who'd served on land and in the inland waters. These changes redefined what a Vietnam vet is, says John Rossie, who heads the Blue Water Navy Vietnam Veterans Association. "Having had boots on the ground legitimizes someone's claim now," Rossie explains, "but those in the Navy and Marines don't have that luxury."

It's not just the boots-on-the-ground requirement that's stymieing sick and dying vets. Congress has also argued that a number of diseases linked to Agent Orange could be the side effects of old age, requiring vets to jump through even more hoops if they hope to receive benefits. There's also the difficulty of finding all the necessary paperwork. Most vets need just one piece of paper to get them over the hurdle, but that one sheet is buried somewhere in a warehouse amid thousands of others.

Of course, it's not only the changing rules that are keeping vets from the benefits they deserve. "It's problematic to prove that ship crews were exposed at all," says Jerry Manar, the deputy director of the National Veterans Service arm of Veterans of Foreign Wars. "It might be 10, 20, 40 years before there's a sufficient body of medical literature that says maybe all of these illnesses are service-connected."

In an effort to prove these connections, at least among Australian veterans of the Vietnam War, the Department of Veterans Affairs, Australia, commissioned a study to find out if members of the Royal Australian Navy were exposed, via their drinking water, to high levels of Agent Orange, dioxin, and related herbicides and pesticides used during the war. Australian ships used an evaporative distillation system to create potable water from the surrounding salt water where ships were stationed. Researchers found that even after distillation, contaminated source water led to contaminated drinking water—and, occasionally, the distillation process increased the concentration of dioxin. Those findings supported prior studies about the Australian vets' higher-than-expected mortality rate, as well as increases in birth defects among their children, both of which are typical of Agent Orange exposure.

Unfortunately, no similar study has been done on American ships that were used during the Vietnam War. "If you can show that there are significant concentrations of dioxin in the fresh-water evaporation systems of Navy ships that were off the coast of Vietnam but were never put into port," Manar explains, "then I think that would force the VA or Congress to concede that out to 50 miles, 100 miles, whatever it is—those people were exposed to herbicides and should receive the presumptions."

A report from our country's Institute of Medicine discussed whether the Australian study was properly conducted—and it was—but still, no one has ponied up the cash to investigate the dioxin levels in mothballed American ships. "It wouldn't cost a lot and you would need only two or three ships," says Manar, who's familiar with the Australian study. "The window of opportunity [for an American study] is decreasing." If Blue Water Navy boats aren't studied soon, the chance will be gone, Manar explains. Every year, some Navy ships are mothballed, but some are destroyed, too.

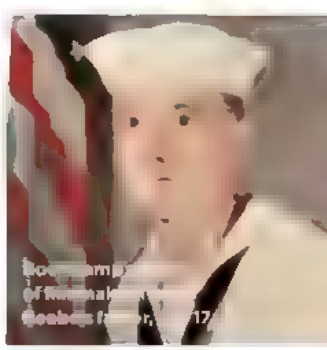
Veterans like Dupre and Faletta have a hard time understanding why so little is being done to help them. "I can't believe the government would do this to us," Dupre says. "There are so many of us, and we're all in the same boat. They want to support illegal immigrants and spend money on welfare, but they don't care about us. They just want to screw the vets."

"I'm disappointed in the way our government is treating us," Faletta says, agreeing with Dupre's assessment. "We served our country, we did what we were supposed to do, and now we've come home to be treated like crap."

Advocates aren't sitting silently, however. The Blue Water Navy Vietnam Veterans Act, which failed to pass in the House of Representatives or the Senate in 2013, will be introduced again in 2014. If passed, the bill would require the VA to extend benefits to members of the Blue Water Navy whose ships were within territorial waters of Vietnam during the war. A lawsuit has also been filed against Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric Shinseki for failing to provide benefits to members of the Blue Water Navy.

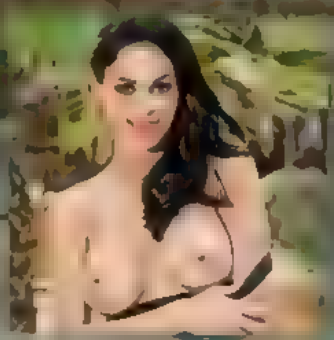
Folks like Beebe and Rossie, who feel a personal connection to these men and their stories, fear the VA will continue to deny benefits until it's too late, helping the government save some money. Manar is more hopeful, believing that at some point the VA will find the right balance between ensuring that vets are truly suffering from service-related ailments and granting benefits. "Everyone would like to find some reason for what happens to them, and sometimes that reason is elusive," he says. "Finding commonality among the veterans and doing research to draw a connection to their service takes time. It's tragic that a good number of vets are going to die before their illnesses are service-connected."

"Vets are going to die before their illnesses are service-connected."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT, BETTMANN/CORBIS; RIGHT, LOU KWISE FROM TOP STANDONDA/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY OF LINDA BALL VISIONS OF AMERICA/LIFE/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY OF THE BLUE WATER NAVY ASSOCIATION

grotogoddess

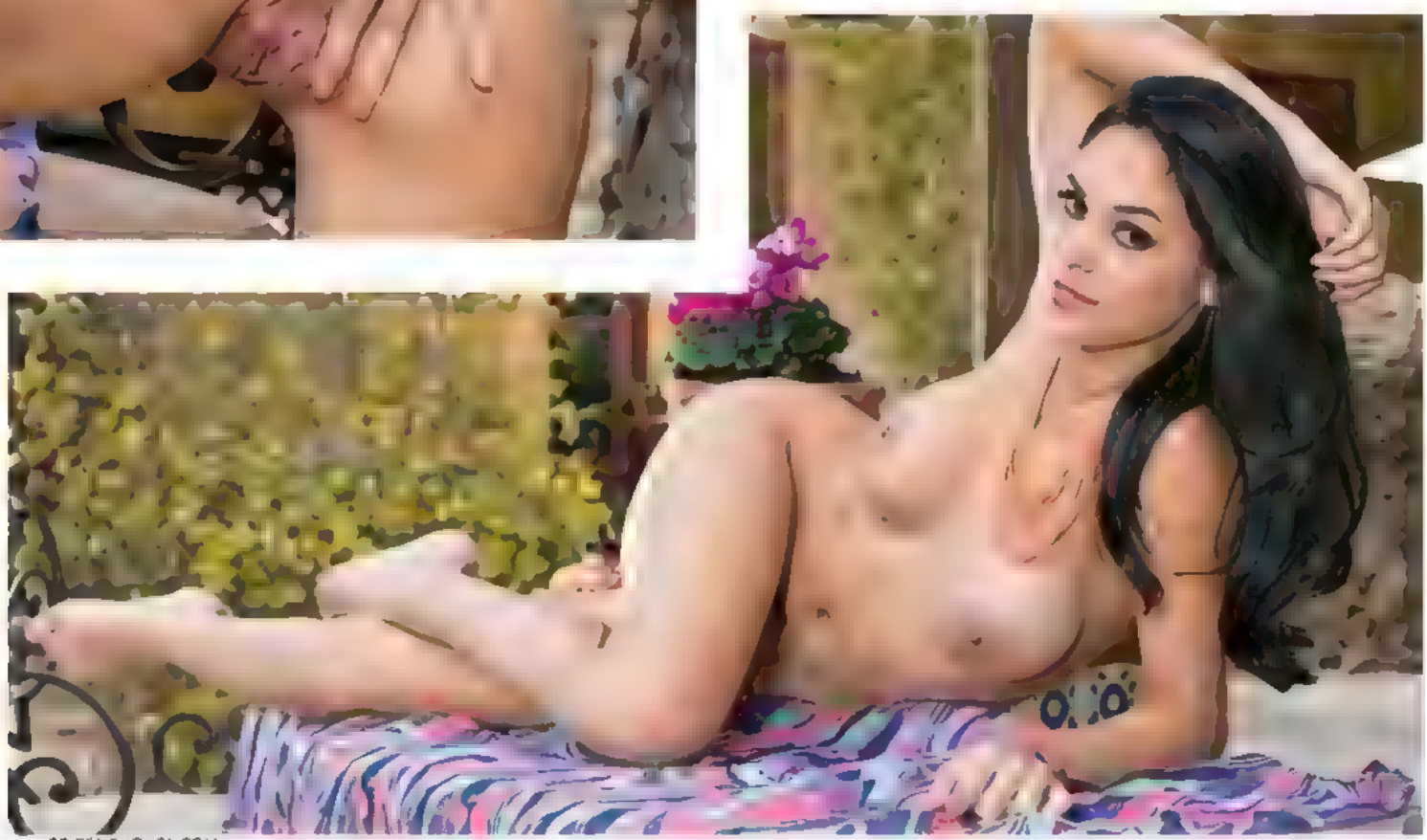


The exotic Jasmine Caro is a master when it comes to juxtaposing intriguing information: She's a nursing student who's putting herself through school by working as a porn star, and describes herself as adventurous, spontaneous, family-oriented, and—our favorite—a lover of sex. And when brains and a raunchy attitude come wrapped in a package that looks like [illegible], just consider us lost in lust.

Photographed by Tommy Gonzalez

"I love the beach, so I want to visit Hawaii, but I would also go to the rural areas. And I want to go to Ibiza so I can experience the craziness and see how much partying my body can handle."

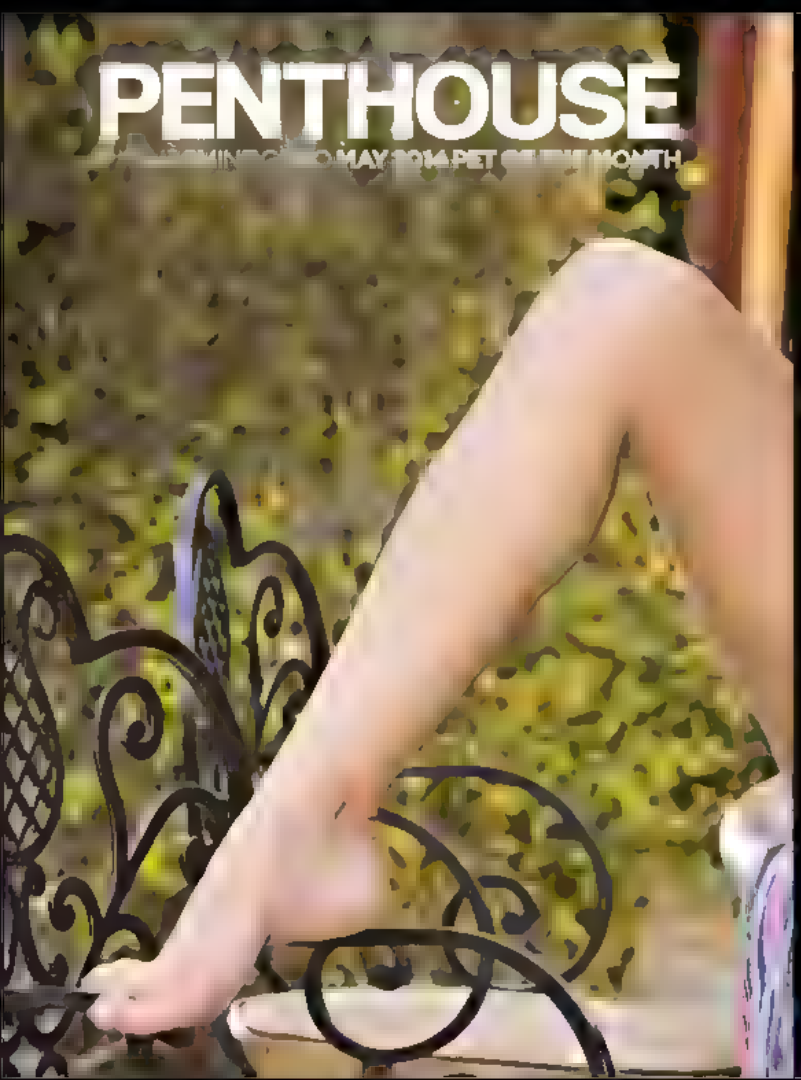
"I think every girl is beautiful in her own way, but not all women believe in themselves the way they should. I'm happy that I've grown to be confident in myself."



"A massage in a bathtub turned into the best sex I've ever had, but the most daring I've gotten was having sex in a men's room. Or maybe it was that bathroom on a plane."

PENTHOUSE
"My favorite thing to fantasize about is undressing a guy who's in uniform. And I love men who smell great and who shave *everywhere*."

PENTHOUSE



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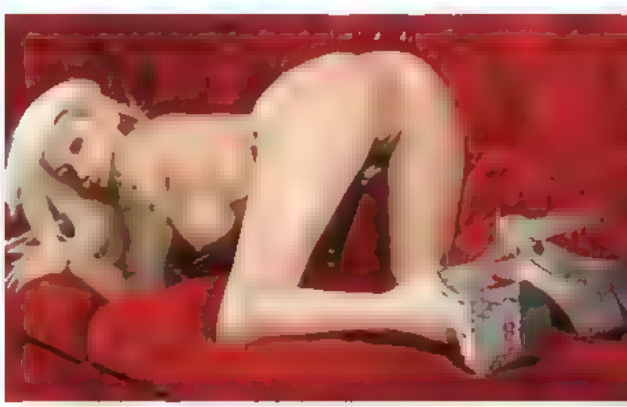
Bunny Tales

EACH MONTH WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE LOVELY LADIES OF THE BUNNY RANCH EMPIRE—AND REMEMBER, YOU *CAN* TOUCH THIS!

The world-famous Moonlite Bunny Ranch (BunnyRanch.com) is featured in the long-running, award-winning HBO reality-TV series *Cathouse*, and is the most successful legal brothel in the history of the planet



Chanel

The Moonlite Bunny Ranch
69 Moonlite Road
Carson City NV 89706
775-246-9901
chanel@bunnyranch.com

PROFILE

Age: 22
Height: 5'7"
Bra size: 34D
Home state: California

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Nine months

"I worked at another ranch before it was bought by the Moonlite Bunny Ranch last year. I was there for two years, so I'm definitely experienced.... I like meeting new people and talking to them, and of course I love having sex. The only thing that's really changed is that I'm a lot more wild now."

EXPERIENCE HIGHLIGHTS

"Sometimes I get couples who come to see me, and they're all different. Some of the guys want to watch their girl with another woman, and some of the women want to watch their man with another girl. Or they want to have a threesome. Usually, though, the girls are open-minded and the guys are cute, so it's great."

"The Girlfriend Experience, which I get a lot of requests for, is a lot more sensual than some of the other experiences we offer. It's all about being close to each other, being nice and comfortable. There's a lot of kissing involved, and the guys always want to sixty-nine or eat my pussy. You don't curse during a Girlfriend Experience. It's about making him feel like he's with a real girlfriend, so you call each other 'baby' and stuff like that. And I like it, it's nice ... but sometimes I really want some hard-core sex, too."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"Some guys ask for a prostate massage, and I love those. I know that when a guy asks for one it means he's really open-minded and comfortable with himself. Plus, I'm really good at it. Whenever I give a guy a prostate massage, he comes right away."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My wildest party involved six people. A guy came in with two friends, and he booked me while his friends picked a couple of other girls. They were all pretty young, around my age, which was cool. At first we all went to our own rooms and had sex, but when the booking ended and the guys rebooked us for another round, we all went into one room. It turned into a big orgy. At first me and the other girls started hooking up with each other, and the guys were into it. Then they started switching partners with us. I made two guys come within five minutes, which was awesome!"

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"The most important thing you can learn is how to seduce your partner. I have these really sexy eyes that guys just love, so I'll just look at a guy a certain way and that's enough. Use your eyes and really look at your partner, smile, be whatever it is he wants. And then once you're in the bedroom, take control. You'll have a better sex life that way."

"ONE TIME, A GUY WANTED ME TO SQUIRT ON HIM. I'D NEVER DONE IT WITH A CLIENT, BUT I KNEW I COULD. FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS, WE HAD SEX AND HE JERKED OFF AND I SQUIRTED EVERYWHERE. IT WAS PRETTY INTENSE."

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE MOONLITE BUNNY RANCH

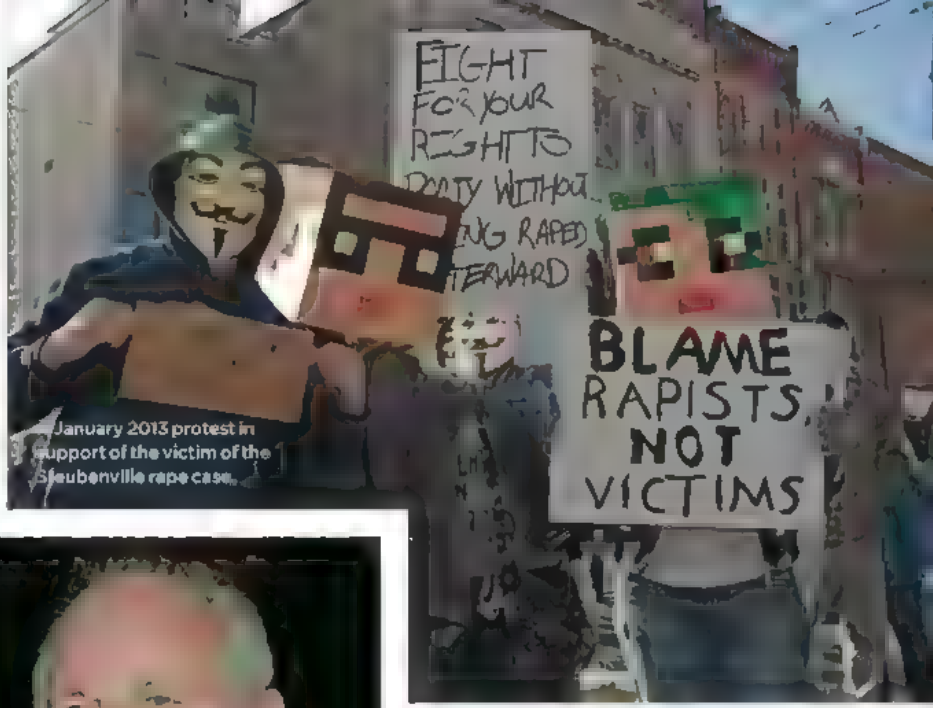
GENERATION TORCH AND PITCHFORK

To the millennials who dominate social-media sites, one thing stands between the sad state of the world and utopia for all: your right to hurt their feelings. This youthful nation of scolds wants equal rights for all and free speech—unless you don't agree with them.

By Mik

Nigger. Faggot. Retard. Three little words that, at present, cou
huge worlds of trouble.

That trio of firestorm-starters appears here in a periodical expressly
forbidden to be viewed by anyone under 18, due to its explicit sexual
content. And yet, in our current cultural climate, those three six-letter
cluster bombs are likely to be perceived as the "dirtiest" thing in this
"dirty" magazine—so much so that I, the author, am not entirely confident
that they'll appear uncensored. And I understand why: Because even the
most daring media outlet has to stay in business.



January 2013 protest in support of the victim of the Steubenville rape case.

As we all see regularly, these are the times in which one verboten expression can motivate a frenzied rush to shut you down forever. Where stuffed shirts and bluenoses long ago failed to outlaw erotic writing and nude photography, today's crusaders pick pressure points that not only make them come off as "accepting" and "compassionate," but also hip and cool and young and (ironically) "free." And, wow, do those salient aspects of totalitarianism work.

Welcome to the world where—armed with cellphone cameras, social media, and the irrepressible (and oftentimes idiotic) self-righteousness of youth—everyone's kid sibling has actively embodied and taken on the duties of Big Brother. Now pick your words carefully and watch your mouth.

Millennials are the first modern generation more interested in being offended than in being offensive. Nowhere among the present zeitgeist of the burgeoning creative class will you find a spirit in keeping with the incendiary literature of Allen Ginsberg, the brilliantly foul music of Frank Zappa, or the savage smart-ass satire of *National Lampoon*, let alone legitimately outrageous Hollywood concoctions like *Blazing Saddles* or *All in the Family*.

To today's twentysomethings, those watershed artistic moments of youth cultures past (if they bothered to investigate them) would be shouted down and driven out as "hurtful" and "shaming" assaults born of "entitlement" that callously traffic in transgressions against the sacrosanct nobility of history's "victims."

Few aspects of any given time and place are more telling than its taboos. Today's coming-of-age adult generation has never left its parents' homes, and counts as its greatest art and entertainment kitten videos and superhero adventures. Therefore, it should come as no shock that millennials are obsessed with squealing over the commonly shared cultural playground about the big kids "calling mean names" and "not playing fair." What is astonishing (and disheartening) is how far they go to make it stop.

To the millennial, "racism," "homophobia," and "sexism" (typically put in that order) are humanity's ultimate unholy violations to be met and purged only with unholy terror. "Privilege" is the new original sin (with "straight white male privilege" trumping all others as an incalculable horror of unborn monstrousness).

If the religious branding of these attitudes comes off as exaggerated, try publicly breaking the millennial-enforced commandment "Thou Shalt Not Be a Meanie." That directive hovers over every online interaction, not to mention every dumb joke, angry outburst, and/or any other communication now that anything and everything can and does end up on Facebook and YouTube.

Borrowing legendary *Baltimore Sun* columnist H. L. Mencken's definition of puritanism—"the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, might be having a good time"—the act of making sure that no one, anywhere, might be whooping it up in a manner that could "trigger" or "re-traumatize" any of life's classically downtrodden targets has become the current blood sport of the young. The zeal of this pursuit was summed up in May 2012 by Dorsey Shaw, an editor of the essential millennial website BuzzFeed. After an unremarkable Rush Limbaugh bloviation regarding women and the right to vote (he thought allowing it perhaps had been a mistake), Shaw instructed BuzzFeed readers not to argue against this (or any) idea with which they did not agree. Instead, he demanded: "Grab the pitchforks and torches!"

Up until that moment, the image of "pitchforks and torches"—an allusion to the villagers in *Frankenstein* cruelly hunting down and killing a monster who threatens and terrifies them simply by being different—had always been used to symbolize small-minded intolerance and ignorant fear. The image still means this, but to a generation that feels pride and power in eliminating word choices from common language and in publicly punishing thought-criminals in order to preemptively silence potential future offenders, "pitchforks and torches" are just two more must-have accessories.

Fear is always what motivates the censor and the scold. Power is what keeps him coming back. Let's go back to "nigger," "faggot," and "retard." In absolutely no context of contemporary discourse are those words acceptable (yeah, yeah, "unless you *are* one"), even in reference to someone else saying them. Hence, a country full of adults reduced to baby talk to avoid the utterance of the Word That Cannot Be Named—"the N-word."

The millennial generation really did remove those terms from the lexicon. And the campaign continues. Say good-bye to "thug," an excellently descriptive term for a brute who reflexively uses violence to get his way, now deemed to be "code" for "the N-word." What word is next to go? And will your tweet, your home video, your private conversation be the one that gets the wrecking ball rolling?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) JOSEPH SHAFFER/DEMOTIX/CORBIS; LEFT) ZUMA PRESS, INC./ALAMY (RIGHT) AP PHOTO/CHRIS STEWART

FOR THIS GENERATION TO WHOM "THE BULLY" IS THE FIRST AND LAST (STILL ALLOWED) WORD IN EVIL, BULLYING THE BULLIES IS CHEERED AS THE BEST MEANS OF MAKING A DIFFERENCE.

Confront ng m llennials with this notion that they are censors nvites b owback about how on y the government can truly censor A maxim cited often by First Amendment defenders is, "The best solut on to bad speech is more speech " G ven the never-before-magnable invasive power of handheld technology, the wicket becomes ever stickier these days as to what exactly const tutes "speech."

As Lindy West, a verbose columnist for femin st millennia outpost Jezebel com, wrote n reference to comedian Daniel Tosh making a rape joke "You can say whatever you want and the flip side of that ... is that audiences get to react to your words however *we* want." (The use of "we," and its ta ic zation, is West's, spokesmouth of aud ences everywhere that she is.) But *do* you "get to react" however you want? Legally, perhaps. But what about when the grievous offender s a 22-year-old Mich gan woman who dressed as a Boston Marathon bombing victim for an office Halloween party? After a picture of her outfit was posted on ne, her computer was hacked and warriors of virtua virtue f ooded the internet with her personal contact numbers, nude pictures, and even the names and addresses of her family members She received death threats and, as a result of the unwelcome attent on, she was fired from her job BuzzFeed reported these details with droo ng g ee One shudders to imagine what m ght have resulted had she shown up in blackface or in a Washington Redskins jersey

Compounding the high-tech noxiousness of this mind-set s the millennia admiration for the online hacker group Anonymous, and their unprecedented among the young reverence for the good ol' pres dent of the United States. Any secret organization whose best attempt at a cool name is "Anonymous" deserves to be ignored anyway but th s underground network specializes in shutting down and u timately shutting up anyone it deems unworthy of sharing the group's own access to expression. Anonymous typically terrorizes easy-to-loathe bastions of the grotesque, like the "God Hates Fags" Westboro Baptist Church thereby turn ng the dominant voices of social med a giddy For this generation to whom "the bully" is the first and last (still a owed) word in evil, bullying the bul es is cheered as the best and, in fact, only means of mak ng a d fference

On occasion—as in an Anonymous hacker eak ng nd sputable ev dence that led to convict ons in the nat on-ally notorious 2012 Steubenv lle, Ohio rape case—it's hard not to cheer for what cou d be termed "righteous vigilantism" (particularly when, earlier this year, the hacker received more jail time than the rap sts) But what separates Anonymous from secret-spillers such as Edward Snowden and W kiLeaks' Julian Assange is not that they seek to expose buried truths, but that, overwhelm ngly they t relessly labor to bury versions of the truth that rub them the wrong way—by using intimidation to s lence the speaker "Have fun dea ing with Anonymous, assholes" became as famil ar an online ,ab at desp cable Westboro-types as endless jokes about anal rape n prison are regard-ng non-thought cr minals such as ch ld molesters

And if you wanted to sel spying, lying, and the end of privacy to an idea stic class of wannabe do-gooders willing to do anyth ng to *feel* good about themselves, you could hardly concoct a more d abo ically appea ing package than an African-American comm n ty activist t rned Leader of the Free World who by golly just wants to make sure every poor soul under his lov ng watch can have access to health care

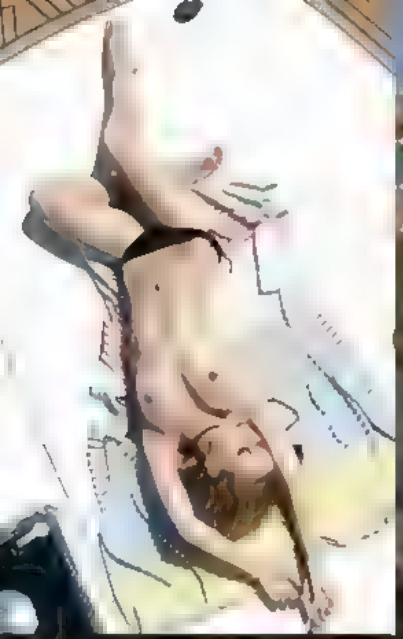
The NSA's horrific spy campaign against pr vate c t zens under Presi-dent Obama has not been protested anywhere in any ma or millennial outlet because (A) it's the r Good Daddy of Color Pres dent do ng it, and (B) isn t that what the internet s for?

The NSA approach and att tude is mirrored in the popular b og PublicShaming Tumblr.com, which is revered as a mighty totem of millennial moral ty Invented by Matt Binder, a 26-year-old New York City radio producer for liberal broadcaster Sam Seder, Public Shaming keeps constant mechanical eyes on Twitter, and then t pulls out and repub ishes any communication its creator deems mproper Each poster's personal information, of course, is included, so that the price of impure thoughts and the unapproved shar ng of such can be d rectly hammered home Binder and his b og are routinely hailed as heroic

Matt Binder outs the "shameful" the way the NSA tracks "terrorists." Thus we have the m ennia mind-set that flips the essential words of a classic antiauthority bumper st cker to create a motto for the new New World Order: "I fear my country, but I love my government."

K ds today They know what you're think ng Because they're making sure you don't think anything else

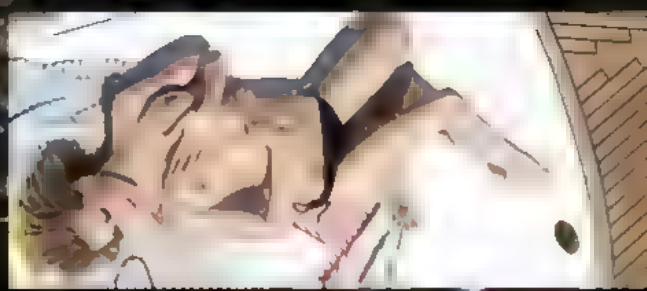
Members of the Westboro Baptist Church at an August 2013 protest.

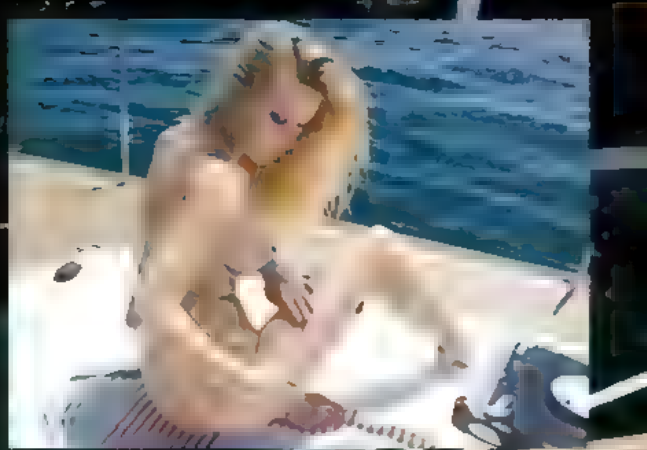


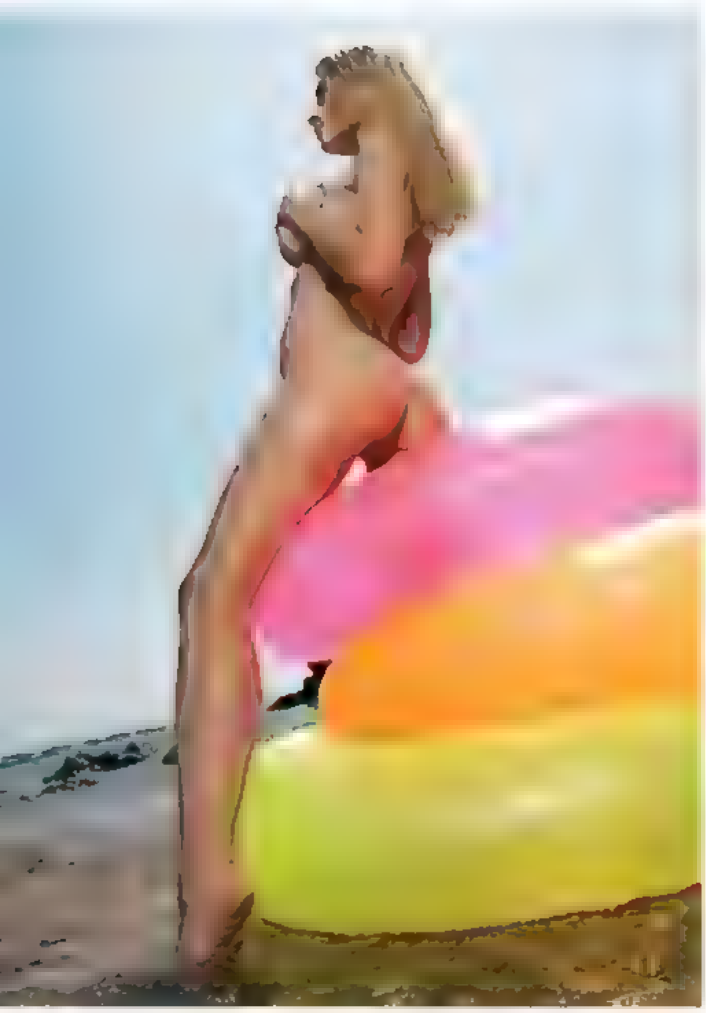
stacked on deck

As an art student, 22-year-old Daria is learning about drawing and painting. These pictures prove that the Kiev, Ukraine, native already knows how to create beautiful images.

Photographs by Mark Goldberg







"The most daring thing I've ever done is ride the metro in Kiev topless, except for a body-painted bra. Provocative, right?"

"I don't think movie sex
scenes are hot. I've never
seen one that can compare to
the scenes in my head!"

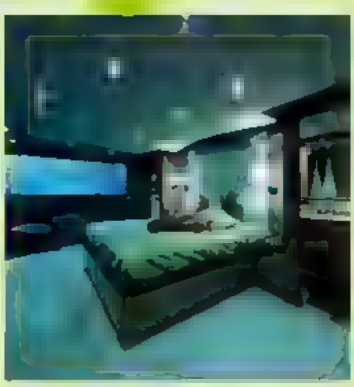
"Would I rather get caught masturbating by my parents or the pizza guy? Neither! But I *am* always hungry afterward."

Submerged Urge

By Reverend Jen

Despite my desire to get away from it all by relocating to the lost city of Atlantis, my general fascination with the ocean, and an addiction to *The Blue Planet*, submarines scare the shit out of me. Perhaps it's the terrifying thought of enduring a submarine accident and winding up in Davy Jones's locker. Or maybe it's the lingering memory of that scene in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* in which a pack of giant squid kill a crew member. Whatever the cause, even if Captain Nemo himself were at the helm, it'd be really hard to get my ass on board.

But that could all change now that Lover's Travels, a British company, has introduced a submarine called *Lover's Deep*, on which couples can join the "mile-high club" in a private underwater suite. The vessel will come equipped with a chef, a captain, and a butler, along with optional scattered rose petals and a Barry White soundtrack. Seriously. The price of the aquatic adventure? Only about $292,000 per night. I guess the good old days of *The Love Boat*, when guests boned above the water's surface, are totally passé. Call me old-fashioned, but I'd still prefer setting a course for adventure with Captain Stubing and the gang. (Note: I also don't have $292,000.)



Sin City Skin

By Bob Johnson

Billboards with photos of nude hotties barely covering their giant breasts sit hundreds of feet in the air over Las Vegas's main drag, beckoning tourists and locals alike to visit the "topless" pools, where visitors can lounge in the sun while ogling naked cleavage of every shape and size.

Yeah, this is Vegas, baby... and getting a healthy dose of decadence in the desert consistently draws throngs of partyers to the town, and its myriad topless pools have added yet another popular vice to the Strip, with a European flair.

Top resort hotels, including Caesars Palace, the Venetian, the Mirage, Wynn, Mandalay Bay, the Rio and more, offer "no tan line" areas where daring dolls lose their tops and inhibitions, and visitors lose their minds.

Finding the best spot to spy some skin can be a challenge, but almost all topless pools offer up enough ta-tas to get your juices flowing—especially mixed with the heat of the sun and an expertly mixed Mai Tai.

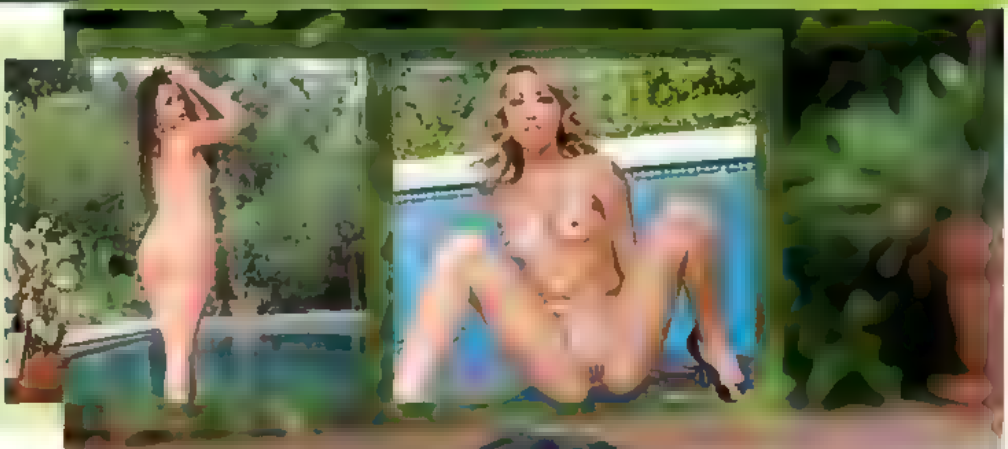
Most pools open in the spring and usually charge daily admission for guys—around $20 and up—while ladies strut their stuff for less, or for free, thanks to their all-access racks. Times vary, too; some are open every day, while others only have specific topless days. And check admission requirements, as some pools are limited to hotel guests only, and a number are restricted to those 21 and over.

But the cover price is well worth it, as most of the high-end hotels pay ringer showgirls to drop by and drop their tops just in case there's not enough regular eye candy splashing around.

Of course, major resorts like Caesars Palace usually have enough skin to please the horniest guests, and plenty of creature comforts to make it a sinful slice of paradise. The primo resort's Venus Pool Club (designed by the folks who created Pure nightclub) is a high-end, European-style retreat that in addition to bouncing boobs boasts 11 cabanas, 4 couches, 14 day beds, and sumptuous chaise longues.

Other "topless" pools, such as Mandalay Bay's Moorea, offer similar swank that includes daily topless sunbathing in a South Beach-

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF LOVER'S TRAVEL SCOW PR



style sett.ng For a more int mate experience try the Venetian's Tao Beach, where it's l kely you'll bump nto some brazen boobs in the private pool space which a so offers "Sunset Sundays " a precursor to the opening of Tao nightclub

For what s described as a more "scandalous" experience, drop by the Bare Pool Lounge at the Mirage, which describes its aura as that of "bone-deep decadence that attracts those 21 and over who have that special 'it ' and want to flaunt t " The pool is ultracontemporary and offers private daybeds

The sec uded, Ital an villa like European pool at Wynn's Encore hotel a ows for topless sunbathing, but for guests on y And the ultrahip Cosmopo itan's Marquee Dayclub provides an infinity and "plunge" poo where there are tits-a-plenty Monday through Thursday The hotel even boasts bungalows with overn ght quarters for those lucky enough to eventually get bottomless with the topless babe of the r choice

Our friends over at *StripLV* mag-azine a so recommend the R o's Voo Pool, which the ed tors call "an adults-only outdoor playgrou nd that al ows topless fun seven days a week

Then there's the appropr ately named "Naked" pool at the Art san boutique hotel—an exotic, European-style hideaway that allows topless every day plus a coup es-only topless event every Saturday, all summer ong, with private cabanas *StripLV* says the pool is a litt e hidden gem off the beaten path, with plenty of nudity and reasonably pr ced cockta s and bott es

So on your next bachelor cas no crawl, don't forget to spend some recovery time pools de Wet boobs n the sunshine may be a better hangover cure than an all-you-can-eat buffet

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

Amendment 64 has opened up a whole new niche market, and Colorado's "ganjapreneurs" are jumping on the opportunities.

By Sarah Walker

On January 1, Colorado's historic Amendment 64 went into effect, allowing adults 21 and over to buy up to one ounce of marijuana, and grow as many as six plants in their home. Since then, a crop of pot-friendly businesses, started by an enthusiastic bunch of weed-loving pioneers dubbed "ganjapreneurs," has emerged, and Denver is blazing the way. (Washington state's similar Initiative 502 is expected to kick in this summer.) If you have plans to travel to the Mile-High City, this sampling of marijuana merchants will get you started. But remember, folks: Marijuana must be purchased from licensed dispensaries, and cannot be consumed in public.

303-282-WEED (9333)

This dispensary and "creative edibles" supermarket opened in 2009 for medical-marijuana cardholders and is now open to the public. Owner Steve Horwitz describes it as the "chillest, coolest marijuana center in the state." The retail and medical areas are kept separate, so medical-marijuana customers don't have to compete with retail shoppers. The retail space is decorated in tie-dyed fabric, and both areas have a bud bar each "with a portrait of the Mona Lisa smoking a joint," Horwitz says proudly. The dispensary sells "boutique," small-crop buds (including one the Howard Stern–loving Horwitz calls Baba Booey), and the 1,200-square-foot food market offers an extensive menu of homemade, reefer- and THC-infused foods, including tamales, veggie and meat pizzas, potpies, cheesecakes, brownies, and candy (available to go, since there is no on-site consumption), plus a selection of frozen entrées.

303-816-3322

Club 64 provides information and support for tourists, and organizes pot-friendly events. "There's really no way for an outsider to come to Colorado and enter the marijuana culture without help," says CEO Tom Valdez. A $10 membership puts you on an email invite list for private gatherings for up to 150 guests. Those events feature complimentary dab or vape bars (an additional $10 admission price allows guests to take as many hits as they'd like, though bringing your own is encouraged), low-key music, vendors selling pot paraphernalia, and food being passed or sold. (The club provides shuttle service for anyone too impaired to drive.) Valdez says, "One of our goals is to present our lifestyle as acceptable: using natural medicine and cannabinoids for health and wellness, eating natural foods, staying away from [genetically modified foods]." Valdez also encourages visitors to keep it simple: "Buy your pot, your accessories, and just head out and enjoy the mountains, streams, and lakes."

303-322-9554

Though you can't buy or consume marijuana in the restaurant (or in any public space), this progressive Colorado sushi chain ran a parody ad campaign for a pot-and-dinner pairing menu to show its support of Amendment 64, partnering various pot strains with popular dishes—like indica-heavy Pakistan Kush with spicy, Hawaiian-style shrimp, or sativa-heavy Sour Og with honey-miso salmon. The chain's ad also claims that the dining rooms are "ergonomically designed to reduce paranoia." According to owner Mark Van Gracken, "We've had people walk in and order the pairing menu." He admits that a few disappointed diners were annoyed that it's not real, but says most people loved it. As a result of the ad, several local 420 tour groups now include Hapa as a stop on their ganja tours.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (HAPA SUSHI) TARA POLLY

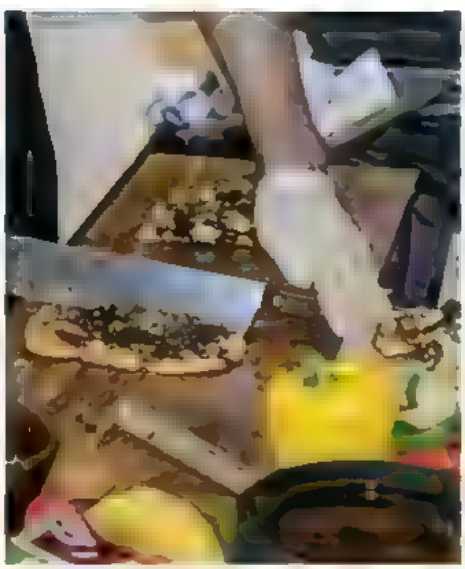
Cannabis Cup

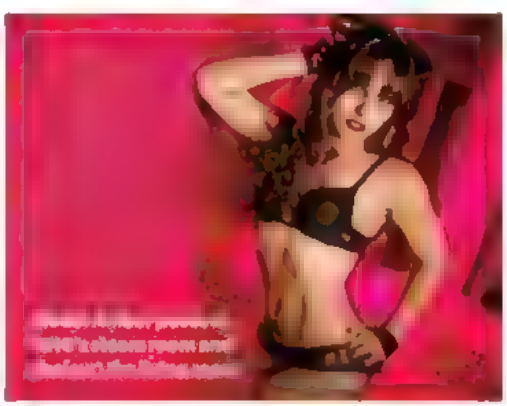
August 1–3

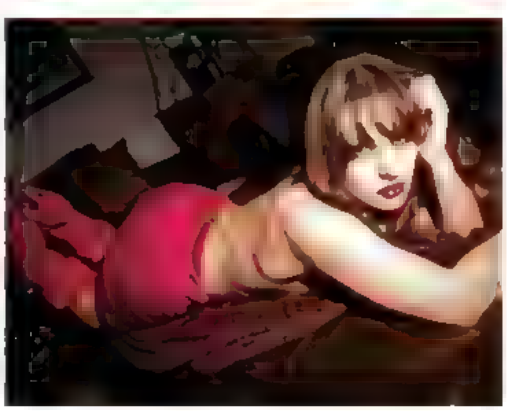
This progressive fair at the National Western Complex started in 2011, and features more than 16 interlocking, indoor pavilions for traditional county-fair draws like farming and gardening, plus modern themes like "geeks" and "freaks." Most exciting, however, is the addition of this year's beer and pot pavilions (for ages 21 and up, of course). "Denver has a pioneering spirit, and we're pretty excited [about Amendment 64]," says Dana Cain, who co-owns and co-organizes the fair with Tracy Weil. "One of our primary missions is to bring this new agricultural crop and recreational practice into the mainstream." Competitions will include best hemp fabric, homemade bong, and brownie recipe; Grateful Dead karaoke, and a Doritos-eating contest, among others. Plants are not allowed in the complex, so entries for categories like best hybrid and largest bud will be represented by photos, and the fair's speed joint-rolling contest will be done with oregano. Though marijuana is not allowed on-site, the pot pavilion's sponsor, Medically Correct, will be hosting a bus to take fairgoers to a local dispensary and private smoking lounge.

Edible Events

"Munchies for foodies" is the motto behind Jane West's pot-friendly event-planning company, which, in addition to corporate and private functions (think après-ski and yoga retreats), hosts monthly gatherings in an art-district gallery. "I like to create events that cater to all five senses," West says. "Cannabis affects everyone differently, so I wanted a visually stunning setting, with great music and food." West's menu-themed parties cater to the sophisticated stoner, and feature gourmet hors d'oeuvres, wine and craft beer, and local bands and deejays. All events are bring your own, and if there's an outdoor space, smokers can toke there; otherwise, partygoers can consume their own pot-infused snacks and drinks, or use vaporizer pens. Upcoming festivities include an outdoor summer concert series with live bands and "the best food trucks in Denver." Tickets and schedules are available on the website.







Bed & Bongs

The unofficial motto of this West Side bed-and-breakfast is "Don't come on vacation and leave on probation." The weed-friendly, clothing-optional establishment run by Dale Dyke and his massage-therapist wife, Chastity Osborn, has two rooms that are rented exclusively to single parties, weekends only. The ranch-style guesthouse is between downtown Denver and Red Rocks amphitheater, and offers a "customized, high-end experience," including 24-hour car service in Osborn's Mercedes E350 (as well as airport pickup and drop-off). "Safety, comfort, and style is our biggest thing," Osborn tells us. "It's a very cool party house," Dyke adds, "and a great space for naked recreation." There's smoke-friendly home boasts a steam room, an outdoor hot tub, and Osborn's massage services, as well as daily hot breakfasts and homemade, THC-infused snacks. Rooms come with a complimentary joint, lighter, and ashtray.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENVER IN A YEAR TOP, JEFF BALL BOTTOM. COURTESY OF MARK PENNER POWELL, CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON, JAY PRICE, AND ANNABELLE WILLIAMS. WIKIPEDIA.COM ARTIST'S NOTE: ALWAYS WORK WITH CONSENT AND RESPECT. HAVE FUN!

Last, but far from least, is our personal favorite, this 420-friendly all-inclusive art class. For $40 aspiring painters can join semi-abstract landscape artist Heidi Keyes in her studio to smoke weed and paint. "It's been so much fun so far," says Keyes. "I seriously think I enjoy the classes as much as everyone else." The two-hour class is BYOC, though Keyes sometimes offers a few joints and edibles. "People often bring treats of their own," she says. "Sometimes it turns into a bit of a snack potluck, which is one more reason it feels like a group of old friends instead of strangers coming together even though nobody knows each other. I also tell people that if they would like to have wine or beer, they are free to bring it." Keyes provides the canvases and art supplies, and students can paint along with her, or choose their own subject matter. "It's more about the atmosphere being able to smoke and chat with people and feel comfortable being creative," she says. Students usually smoke and mingle before class, but Keyes leaves this up to them. "I always tell people that if they want to get up and get a drink or pack a bowl while they're painting, they're more than welcome."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PUFF, PASS & PAINT) LESLIE SIMON; (ESL) LOUDSPEAKER.COM

GOING DOWN UNDER

We're steaming up the Southern Hemisphere with our new Penthouse Club in Auckland, New Zealand.

The Auckland Penthouse Club celebrated its grand opening with a weekend of wild parties. Now, you can swing by any night of the week to relax, grab a bite, and enjoy the view.

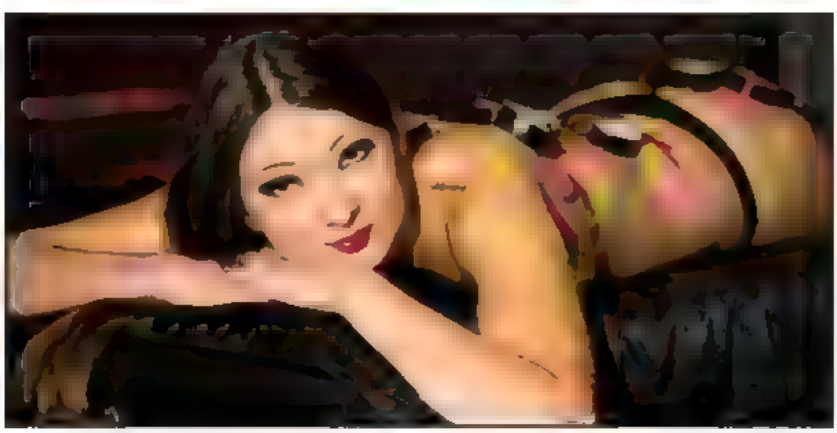
New Zealand may be best known for its epic, otherworldly landscapes, thanks to a certain series of Peter Jackson blockbusters. But Auckland—a bustling city packed with cafés, museums, and vintage shops—feels about a million miles from both the Shire and Mordor.

You don't need to go far beyond the city limits to get lost in the unspoiled beauty of New Zealand. It's only a short drive from downtown to the rugged cliffs, lush forests, and surfing beaches of the Waitakere Ranges Regional Park. Or hop a ferry for a quick ride across the bay to visit one of several nature preserves. But if you want to find the most stunning scenery in Auckland, we suggest you stay right in the heart of downtown and head to the Penthouse Club.

The Auckland club is owned by the Chow brothers, a pair of real estate moguls known for opening a string of sizzling adult-entertainment venues throughout Wellington and Auckland. The Penthouse Club is their most recent venture—and, in our totally unbiased opinion, their most exciting one yet. "It will be a first-class entertainment venue focused on hospitality, great service, and a fine-dining experience, catering to the business and professional community," said co-owner John Chow. "A lot of people will be pleasantly surprised when they see the kind of quality our great city has been missing."

The club celebrated its grand opening with a weekend of wild parties—first an exclusive VIP bash, followed by the public kickoff. Aussie Penthouse Pet Scarlett Morgan (whose pictorial begins on page 36)

Owners John and Michael Chow with April 2012 Australian Pet of the Month Scarlett Morgan



Erica Everheart Nikita Sage and Paris La Moore were on hand to party with guests and show off their hottest moves onstage

If you missed the big launch no worries mate! (See what we did there?) Aucklanders and tourists can swing by any night of the week to relax grab a bite and enjoy the view Looking for a low-key night out? Stop in for the club's weekly poker tournaments and enjoy drink specials, free admission, and a budget-friendly buy-in. Ready for a night of serious decadence? Sign up as a VIP-lounge member and you'll have access to everything from a concierge to limo services

No matter what you come for, every guest will experience next-level luxury, thanks to the club's tricked-out sound and lighting systems and some of the world's sexiest Key Girls And if you work up an appetite while you're there, you're in luck. New Zealand is world-renowned for its mouthwatering beef, and there's no better place to enjoy it than the club's five-star steak house on the third floor You can enjoy gourmet dining, and steaks from Black Angus to Wagyu beef with a killer view The New Zealand summer may be winding down, but the Penthouse Club is the perfect place for our Kiwi fans to heat things up

private dance

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

...ever you're looking for tips to improve your ...rmance between the sheets, answers to ...stion or two, or help with an issue you can't ...even your most trusted friend, our expert can ...'s time to get schooled.
...ie Downs, MPH

The Right Stuff

Do you have any advice on how to choose a butt plug for anal play?

The variety of anal toys available certainly can be bewildering. Even with lots and lots of lube—which is important to use with anal toys—one size does not fit all. The best way to pick the right one is to familiarize yourself with the basic options, then narrow down the choices one at a time.

The first question is: Is it safe to put in your butt? Only sex toys that have a wide or flanged base are safe for anal insertion. A flange at the base of the toy prevents your ass from sucking it in. That's a funny thing about the rectum. If an object goes all the way in past the anus, it will get stuck in there. You can't just poop it back out. If the toy doesn't have a flange or flared base, do not insert it in your anus.

Second. Do you want the toy to (A) stay put in your butt, or (B) slide smoothly in and out? If your choice was A, then you want a butt plug. It has a bulbous shape that keeps it from popping out easily. A butt plug gives a pleasurable feeling of fullness in the rectum, and many people reach orgasm more quickly, and have more intense orgasms, with a butt plug in place.

A prostate stimulator is a kind of butt plug shaped especially for men. Whereas a standard butt plug is onion- or egg-shaped, a prostate stimulator has a curve designed to put pressure on the prostate gland.

If you chose B, you may actually want an anal-safe dildo, not a butt plug. A dildo basically simulates the shape and action of a penis. You can fuck yourself or get fucked in the ass with a dildo, but it will tend to slip out if you're not holding it in place.

A third option is anal beads, which are small balls strung on a cord. The beads are inserted one at a time. They stay put in the rectum until you pull them out by tugging on the cord. The beads stimulate the anus in a unique way as they're pulled out. Many people who use anal beads like to pull them out as they're coming, which heightens the sensation of orgasm.

The next question is: What size? Size, specifically diameter, matters a lot. It has to be just right for you. Go too big, and it'll hurt. Go too narrow, and you won't be satisfied. It's all about what feels right to you. If you haven't had much experience with putting things in your butt, start small and work your way up. Don't start with a horse-dick-size dildo. If your pinky finger is the widest thing you've ever had up your ass.

As a general rule for judging size, fingers are actually great to use for reference. Start by inserting your index finger. If that's comfy and easy, try inserting your middle and index fingers at the same time, and so on. Next, go to a hardware store. (No, seriously. Stay with me here.) Try fitting as many fingers as comfortably fit in your ass into various sizes of pipe or pipe fittings. The diameter that best fits your finger or fingers snugly, but comfortably, would be a good diameter for your anal toy.

You could also go by your ring size if you know what it is. A size-ten ring is a little more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

When it comes to butt-plug sizes, an excellent choice for beginners

would be one with various widths going from narrow at the tip to wider at the base. That way, you could always go bigger if you wanted to. Or you could try a set with a series of plugs of varying widths.

After size, you'll want to consider the material the toy is made of. The most common options are silicone, latex rubber, metal, and glass. Again, this is mostly a matter of personal preference, and how much you're willing to spend. Nonporous silicone is going to be your best standard choice. It's fairly easy to clean, which is important for a butt toy. An anal toy made of a porous material should be used with a condom over it because it can harbor bacteria, even after a thorough washing.

Don't go with anything made of hard plastic, which can scratch or crack. Any rough or sharp edges on the toy will tear the delicate lining of your anus and rectum.

Stainless steel and glass are popular for butt plugs because they are very smooth, durable, and easy to sanitize. You can run glass and steel toys through the dishwasher, soak them in bleach, or boil them. Silicone and rubber toys, on the other hand, are heat-sensitive and may react chemically with cleaning agents and lube, too—silicone toys can't be used with silicone-based lube.

The downside to metal and glass is that they're very hard, and many people prefer some flexibility in their toys. Glass and metal also tend to be quite pricey.

On the extreme end of pricey there is one butt plug that is at least heirloom quality, if not investment grade. Swedish luxury-goods maker Lelo offers "the Earl," in 24-karat gold, with matching cufflinks. I say, why buy a stupid gold watch that you can't even put up your ass, when you could have "the most distinguished gentleman's plug in the world"?

The last question is: To vibrate or not to vibrate? Many butt plugs have a pocket in the bottom where you can insert a little bullet-style vibrator. The optional vibrator insert is a good feature, as vibration can feel unbelievably awesome in your ass. But also remember that you can make any butt plug vibrate by pressing a vibrator against the base of the toy. The vibrations will transfer to a lesser or greater degree, depending on what material it's made of.

PHOTOGRAPHER (RIGHT) ARTPARTNER DEJA, AMY

Sperm Theory

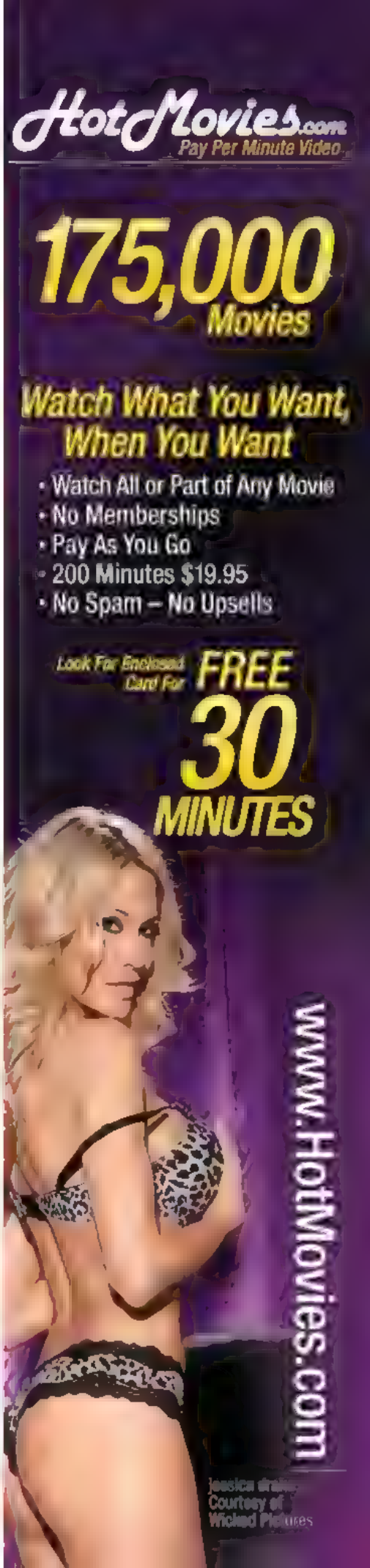
Is it true that if a woman has unprotected sex with multiple male partners on the same day, that she won't get pregnant, because their different seeds will cancel one another out?

I've never heard that one before. The answer is no, but I have to say I love the image of opposing sperm armies meeting in battle, and fighting to a bitter stalemate where neither side is able to reach the ovum.

If conception were to occur with contributions from two or more men, typically only one would be the father. But conception isn't guaranteed to happen, simply because not every ejaculation into a vagina results in a pregnancy. Sometimes the sperm don't make it to the egg, or there may be no egg to fertilize because the woman isn't ovulating.

A weird thing that sometimes happens, though, is that two different men can fertilize two different eggs in the womb at roughly the same time. The mother can then give birth to fraternal twins who have different fathers—half-sibling twins.

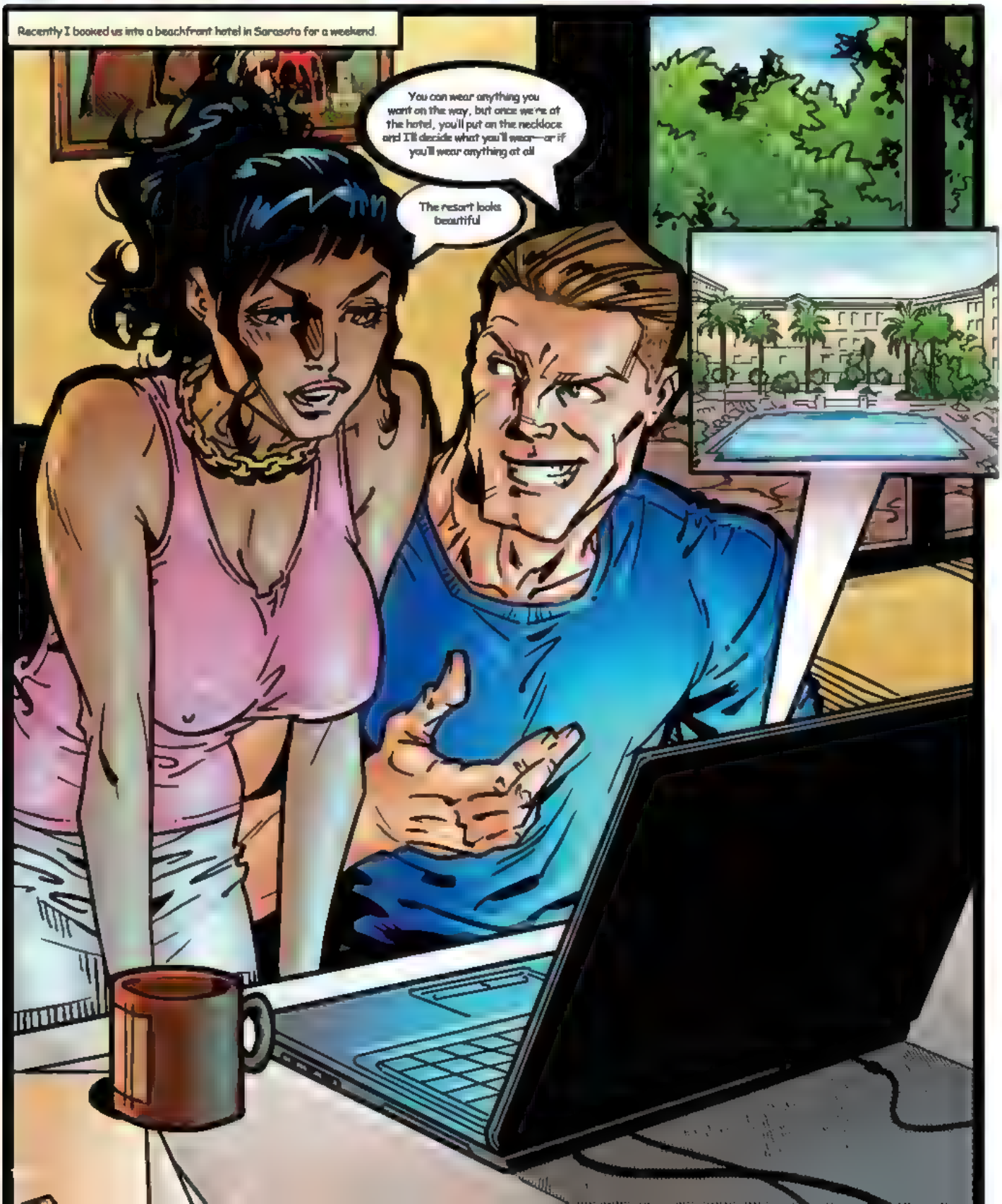
That's pretty cool, I think, but not as cool as the mutual annihilation of competing-sperm theory. If it were true, that would be great for humanity, because it would make promiscuity an effective form of birth control. Women would be out there thinking, *Oops, I had unprotected sex—better hurry up and fuck a bunch more guys so I won't get pregnant.*



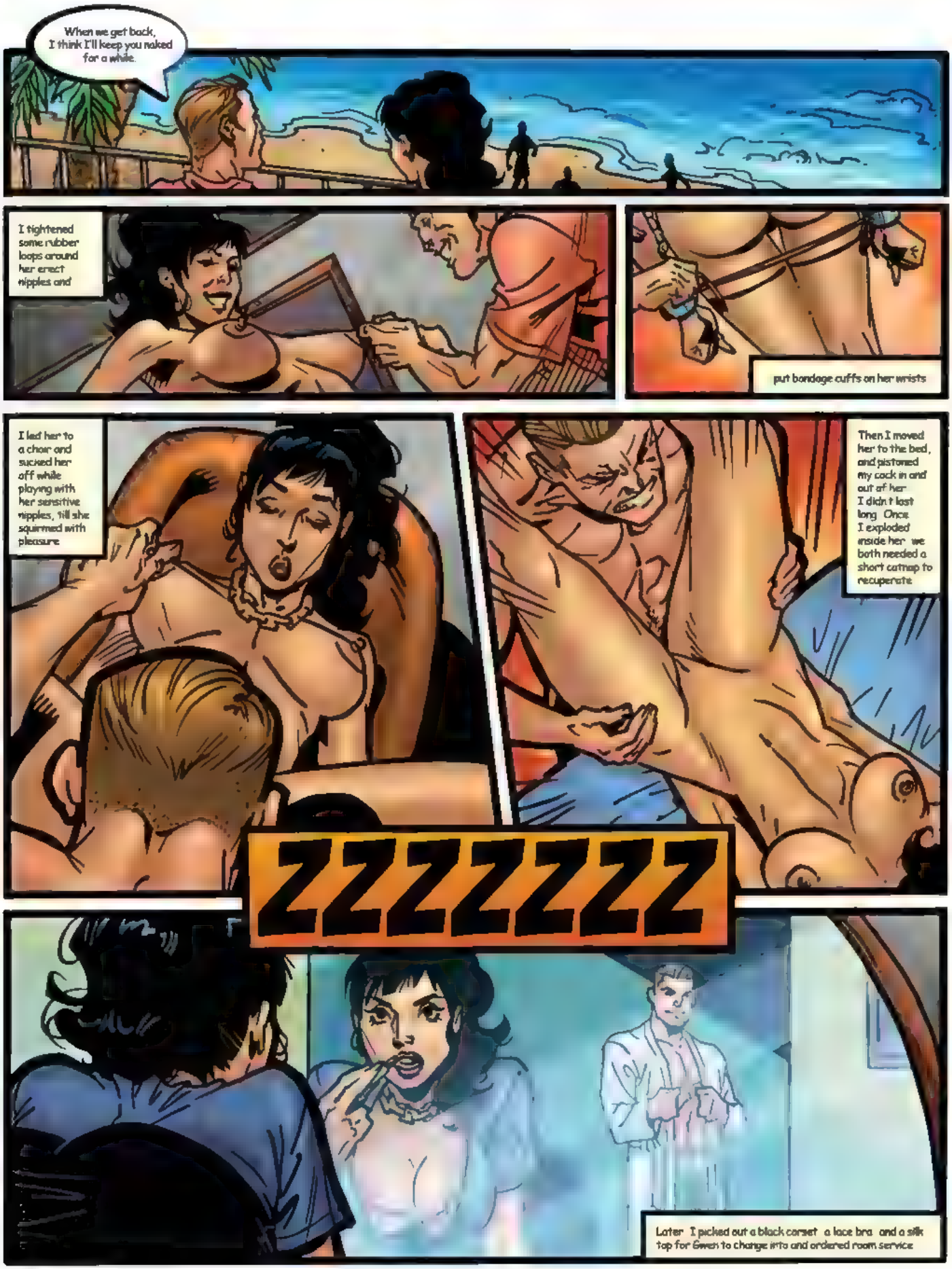
COLLARED

After reading a story about a woman who gave herself to her husband as a sex slave for a birthday gift, I showed it to my wife. Gwen felt we could do even better. We found a heavy gold-link chain that could be worn in public and still symbolize her status for us. Whenever she wore it, it meant her body was mine to use when we were at home.

ART BY JASON JOHNSON · COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



Gwen thought for a moment then sank to her knees
intent on getting in some practice by giving me a world -class blowjob
Don't worry—I packed all the clothes you'll need for the trip
I hope you packed the stockings and garter belt
After we checked in, Gwen asked me to put on her necklace
I bought some body paint for your areolae, baby It'll make your nipples stand out
Once the paint dried, Gwen put on the push-up bra garter belt, stockings, and sexy outfit I'd laid out for her The blouse was tight across her tits and her necklace stood out We took a few hours to explore the grounds before heading back to our room for pre -dinner sex


When we get back, I think I'll keep you naked for a while.
I tightened some rubber loops around her erect nipples and
put bondage cuffs on her wrists
I led her to a chair and sucked her off while playing with her sensitive nipples, till she squirmed with pleasure
Then I moved her to the bed, and pistoned my cock in and out of her I didn't last long Once I exploded inside her we both needed a short catnap to recuperate
ZZZZZZZ
Later I picked out a black corset a lace bra and a silk top for Gwen to change into and ordered room service

The waiter couldn't help checking Gwen out as she left the room
We had a romantic dinner on the patio, with just enough candlelight for me to ogle Gwen's great tits
After dinner, I took off her blouse and bra, then sucked on her hard nipples while working my fingers into her cunt
I know I'm just the slave, but don't you want to fuck me now?
I told her to kneel over me so I could fuck her and still enjoy her tits
Then I bent her over the couch to give her the deep pounding she needed I lasted longer that time— long enough for Gwen to come several times I spent the remainder of the trip fucking my gorgeous slave
The end

pole position

Twenty-one-year-old Skylar Leigh, a 33-25-35 exotic dancer at the new Penthouse Club in Auckland, New Zealand, tells us that it's the perfect job for her: "Although I love pretty clothes, I find them uncomfortable, so getting to be naked 80 percent of the time is great!" It works for us, too.

Photographs by Cassandra Keyes

"The most exciting place I've ever made love is on a dining room table. Or, to be more accurate, tied to a dining room table."

erimental, so I'm
much anything
es to sex, I'll try al
east one

"My idea of a perfect date would start with something exciting and adventurous, like surfing or skiing or rock climbing. Then we'd have a nice dinner, and finish up with good s

SEE MORE OF SKYLAR AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

We wanted to do something special for our travel issue, so we snagged a few hot "communiqués" from our sister publication *Penthouse Letters*. These excerpts skip right to the down-and-dirty sexploits.

Putting the Bang in Bangkok

By Eliot Cachet

It was Saturday night and I was on my own in Bangkok, famous for being a party town that never sleeps. I headed straight for the upscale area. After a sumptuous meal, I was ready for whatever the night held in store.

I didn't have to wait too long to find out what it was, because at the table next to mine, watching me admiringly as I took huge gulps of beer (not too ladylike, I'm afraid, but the prawns were rather spicy) was a very attractive man evidently a fellow American. He kept smiling at me flirtatiously, so after my second beer I decided to take matters into my own hands and meet head-on that most unexpected of pleasures: "the friendly face in a foreign place."

He watched with anticipatory grin as I got up from my table, and smiled even more widely at the sight of the short skirt that barely covered my ass. As I sat down, he put out his hand to introduce himself, and just happened to lightly graze my right breast. "Hi, I'm Brian, from Chicago, and congratulations on the great tits!"

Well, he certainly knew how to cut to the chase. He asked me to join him for a local specialty, a dessert of bananas in coconut milk. He was really hunky with smoky blue eyes and a casual, inviting smile. As I rubbed my high-heeled sandal against his leg, I asked whether he had any plans for the night, slyly adding that I had none and would greatly enjoy his company. When he reached his hand under the table and took off my sandal, guiding my foot to his crotch, I got the feeling we were on the same wavelength.

It turned out that he lived in a company-subsidized apartment right around the corner. It was no surprise when he asked me to come up and see the view of the city from his place. I'd have been disappointed if he hadn't asked.

As soon as we arrived at his apartment, he led me out onto the wrap-around balcony to admire Bangkok's lights. As I gazed out toward the skyscrapers and rooftop swimming pools, Brian moved up behind me and gingerly licked my neck while slipping both hands under my top so he could cover my breasts and fondle my nipples. He lifted my skirt and, unzipping his pants, pressed his cock deeply between my ass cheeks. Ah, Bangkok by night, just as it was meant to be seen—with a hand on my breast and a hard cock against my ass.

I turned around in his arms and pressed myself against him as we kissed passionately. I felt his erection against my stomach, and when the kiss ended I slid slowly down to my knees, hearing him gasp softly as I took his stiff cock into my mouth.

I loved the feeling of his hardness throbbing between my lips. I ran my tongue back and forth against the underside and then began to suck slowly, taking him as deep as I could. After a minute he warned me that he was coming, but I didn't stop until I felt his come spurting into my throat. I wasn't worried—I was sure there would be plenty more where that came from.

I was kind of surprised when he whispered that he would love to shave my twat. This was a first, but a strangely delectable idea. We walked back to his bedroom and, tucking the front part of my skirt up into the waistband and whipping off my thong, I perched on the edge of his huge bed and waited impatiently for him to start. After spreading shaving cream all over my eagerly little bush, he started in with the razor. Soon enough, he patted me dry with a cloth and I found myself getting hornier by the minute.

Understanding that I was about to explode with desire, Brian, still kneeling at my crotch, inserted his tongue deep inside me as he held on tightly to my waist. Pausing just long enough to murmur how he adored the smell of shaving cream mixed with pussy juice, he licked passionately in and out of my hole. Under this stimulation it didn't take long for my cunt to melt into a long series of powerful spasms that almost knocked me off the bed.

After some deep thrusts, we fell into a helpless heap on the bed. This was the most intense orgasm I'd experienced.

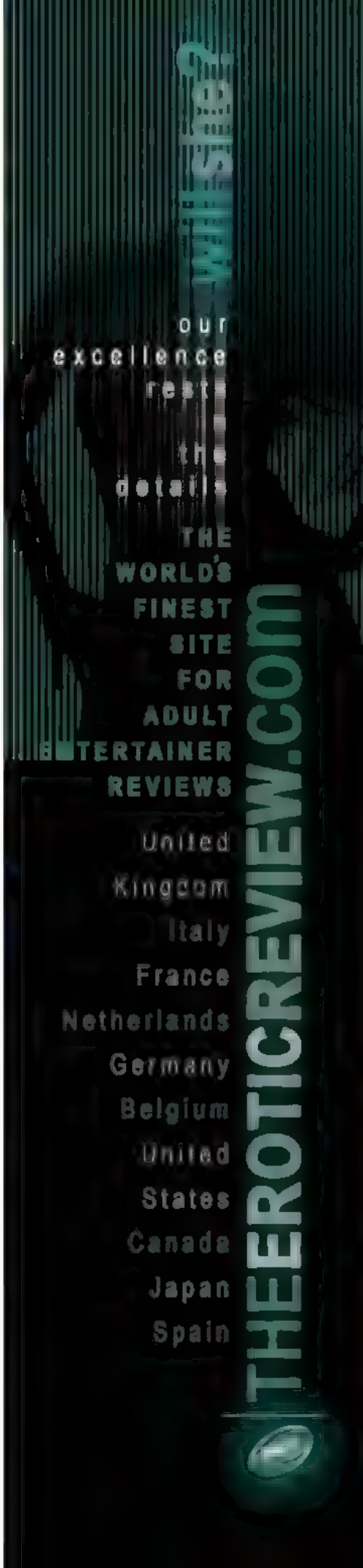
with their violence

Before my orgasm had come to an end Br an replaced his tongue with something more substant al his large pulsing prick Taking my feet in his hands and ft ng them far above my head he drove so deep ins de me that I could fee his balls up against the crack of my ass The sensat on was so unbelievably p easurable that in a moment I forgot about everything e se—my breasts, my nipp es, my business trip. All I could focus on was that sensation, and on willing his cock to go into me even further After some more deep thrusts we both fe nto a help ess heap on the bed. Th s was definite y the quickest, most intense orgasm had ever experienced, and with a relat ve stranger no ess

Wh spering that he had another tt e treat especially for my fresh y shaved cunt, Brian pu ed out a v brating di do and la d it on top of my be y In no time at all I had pushed t inside me and as rhythm ca y moved it in and out, he pushed up my tank top so that my breasts were out in the open air He took h s t me enjoying their ful ness alternat ng between icking and sucking them, and tw st ng the nipples between his thumb and forefinger

Eventually he moved up to straddle my neck, and as my hands maneuvered the di do in my pussy my mouth once aga n enjoyed h s large cock It was a feast of sensations, the strong v brations in my cunt and the love y hardness of his thick shaft down my throat Pretty soon I was swa owing more of his salty come, and simultaneous y dr ving the dildo home, br ng ng on a ong intense orgasm

Afterward as we soaped each other up under the powerful spray of the shower, I wasn't feeling a b t exhausted only inv gorated Whether it was the exotic surroundings or the stimulating company, I was definite y ready for another round udging from the throbbing pole that saluted me, so was Brian This time I took the initiative, wrapping my legs around his waist and my arms around his upper body, after positioning his cock ins de what was by now a very fami iar place In no time at all I was moan ng and writhing aga nst h s body I cou dn't have hoped for a better way to end my first night in myst cal Southeast Asia than by bang ng some ser ous cock in Bangkok



Sex in the Snow

Communiqué From Lausanne

By Jennifer Jones

Ruby and I were in St. Moritz, at a gorgeous little chalet. There were only three other rooms, and we discovered to our great delight that they were occupied by a party of young Swiss guys having a raucous bachelor party. Guillaume invited us to ski with him and his pals the next day. Their good looks and our own horniness made it impossible for us to refuse.

Both Ruby and I were a little nervous to be heading straight off to the more advanced slopes, but Guillaume told us not to worry, that he and his best buddy Xavier (the guy who would be tying the knot in just two weeks) would take care of us. The four of us went off on our own, agreeing to meet the other guys later for a drink.

The weather was wonderful, and the sun was shining on some spectacular scenery. I had never felt so energized as I flew down the slopes, right behind my handsome Guillaume. Ruby stayed close behind me.

My cunt was throbbing uncontrollably and squeezing Guillaume's straining dick as hard as it could.

with Xavier following.

After a grueling workout, we were thankful to spot one of those saving graces for the all-day skier: the mountain refuge stop. The place was bathed in sunlight, and many people were lying lazily on beach chairs, some of them with skis still on their feet, drinking beer and talking about their snowy escapades. We found some reclining chairs right in the sun. Sitting there eating lunch and drinking beer with the sunlight on our faces was paradise.

Pretty soon it got surprisingly hot, to the point where some of the women were stripping down to bikinis, which they had worn under their bulky sweaters. The last thing I'd thought I'd need while skiing in the Swiss Alps was a bathing suit, but eventually it got so unbelievably hot that the guys—and the beer—convinced Ruby and me that our sexy black bras could pass for bikini tops.

I found myself sliding onto Guillaume's chair and sitting between his open legs. I lay back against his chest with my eyes closed, soaking in the sun's rays, feeling almost as though I were at the beach instead of on a mountaintop in Switzerland. Guillaume slipped his hand under my bra so he could caress one of my breasts, gently fondling my nipple with his thumb. It felt so good that I positioned his other hand over the other breast so he could tweak both nipples at the same time. I pulled my ski jacket over my shoulders so his hands would not be in full view as they headed downward, unzipping my pants and making a beeline for my wet pussy. I had a plaid cover over me, so that only he and I truly knew what was going on, though I'm sure it wouldn't have taken Sherlock Holmes to decipher the mysterious gyrations and low moans coming from our chair.

I was ready for something more substantial, like a nice Swiss cock. The trick was to get his dick inside my cunt while still sitting on the chair—not an easy task if you consider the people surrounding us, not to mention our ski attire. But where there's a will there's a way, especially when mutual horniness is involved. Guillaume slid his hand beneath me and deftly opened the zipper on his pants. Still well-concealed under the blanket, I lifted myself slightly and managed to slide my pants down the necessary distance, while guiding him deep inside me.

I lowered myself again so he could go even deeper, causing me to inhale sharply with pleasure. He didn't move up and down the way I expected him to, but just stayed there inside me while his hands played with my large tits. I was soon out of my mind with excitement, trying to get him to move by squeezing his stiff tool with my cunt, but he seemed to enjoy my squirming too much to give in just yet. When he bit gently on my earlobe and whispered to me to have patience, I could only nod weakly in agreement.

Xavier came over to us with a broad grin on his face, asking if we wanted another drink. The only words I could think of just then were "cock" and "fuck," but Guillaume said yes for both of us, all the time keeping my nipples fastened between his thumbs and forefingers in full view of Xavier, who seemed mesmerized by the view. From the bulge in his ski pants, I had the feeling he wasn't thinking of his approaching nuptials when he took Ruby by the hand and headed inside.

After what seemed like hours of passive resistance, my cunt was throbbing uncontrollably and squeezing Guillaume's straining dick as hard as it could. Surely he could figure out that this was Morse code for "Come on and just fuck me already!" Finally, with my squirming and heavy breathing becoming too pronounced not to be noticed, Guillaume took pity on me and let go of my breasts long enough to open my thighs really wide, whereupon he slowly started sliding up and down the tunnel of love.

My heavy boots kept me anchored to the snowy ground as I started riding him as wildly as I dared, until pretty soon we both erupted in an uncontrollable climax.

Completely spent—or so I thought—I happily agreed to Guillaume's suggestion that we take the chairlift back to our chalet, rather than skiing the rest of the way. I wouldn't have thought it would be possible to make love on the narrow, teetering lift while swinging slowly through the air a hundred feet up, but I have to admit those Swiss are ingenious.

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Her First Lei

Communiqué From Maui

By Eliot Cachet

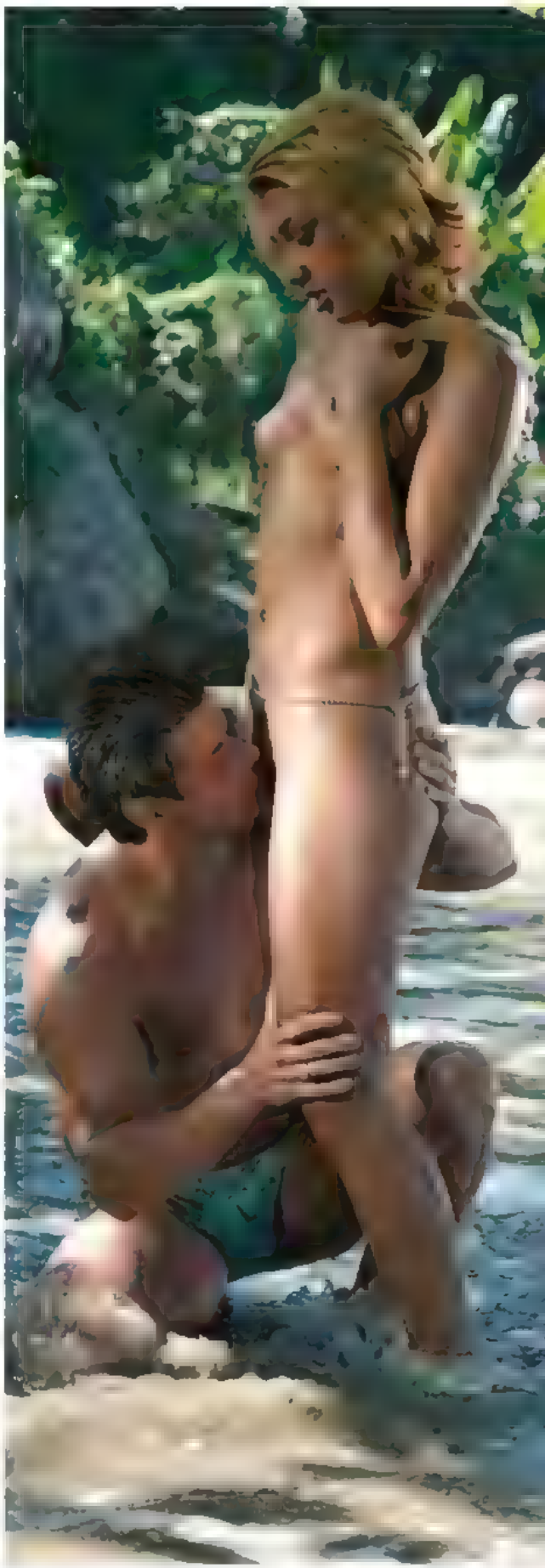
This week-long sojourn in paradise with my parents was supposed to be a reward for being valedictorian of my high school class, but what I wasn't about to share with my parents was the fact that I had mentally vowed that this would be my last summer as a virgin. As my parents consulted their guidebooks and extolled the many marvels of Hawaii, I was scheming to get away from at least some of the sightseeing in favor of something more worthwhile.

My parents and I were staying on the western side of Maui among the jet-set luxury resorts, but I was itching to find out what was on the opposite side of the island. Our hotel offered a ten-hour guided excursion, and I managed to convince my parents to allow me to go on it alone.

The excursion was led by a very hot guide named Steve. During our tour there were many stops, including the legendary caves and the fantastic "seven sacred pools," and by late afternoon most of the group, tired out by the many hours of walking and driving, decided to rest in the sun before heading back. This was my chance to be alone with Steve. I agreed with an eager smile as he suggested we head out together for some more exploration. I was horny as hell.

When we were completely hidden from the others by the dark trees, I felt Steve's heavy breath on my neck, and was turned-on by the knowledge that we were on the same wavelength. He whispered that perhaps we could soak for a while in one of the many waterfalls—one, he assured me, safely hidden away from any prying eyes. Not that I really cared too much about who would be witnessing my naked ass and bouncing tits jumping into the cascading blue-green waters. In fact, the idea of some voyeur secretly watching made me even hornier.

I watched in admiration as he stepped out of his beige Bermuda shorts and dark-green T-shirt, and I couldn't hold back a startled exclamation at the sight of his cock. Feeling my nipples stiffen, I whipped off my sarong and turned toward him for assistance with my bra and panties. As he unhooked my flowery bra, I thought it only fair to inform him that he would be my first lover.



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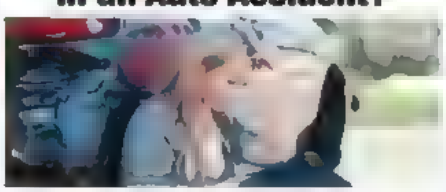

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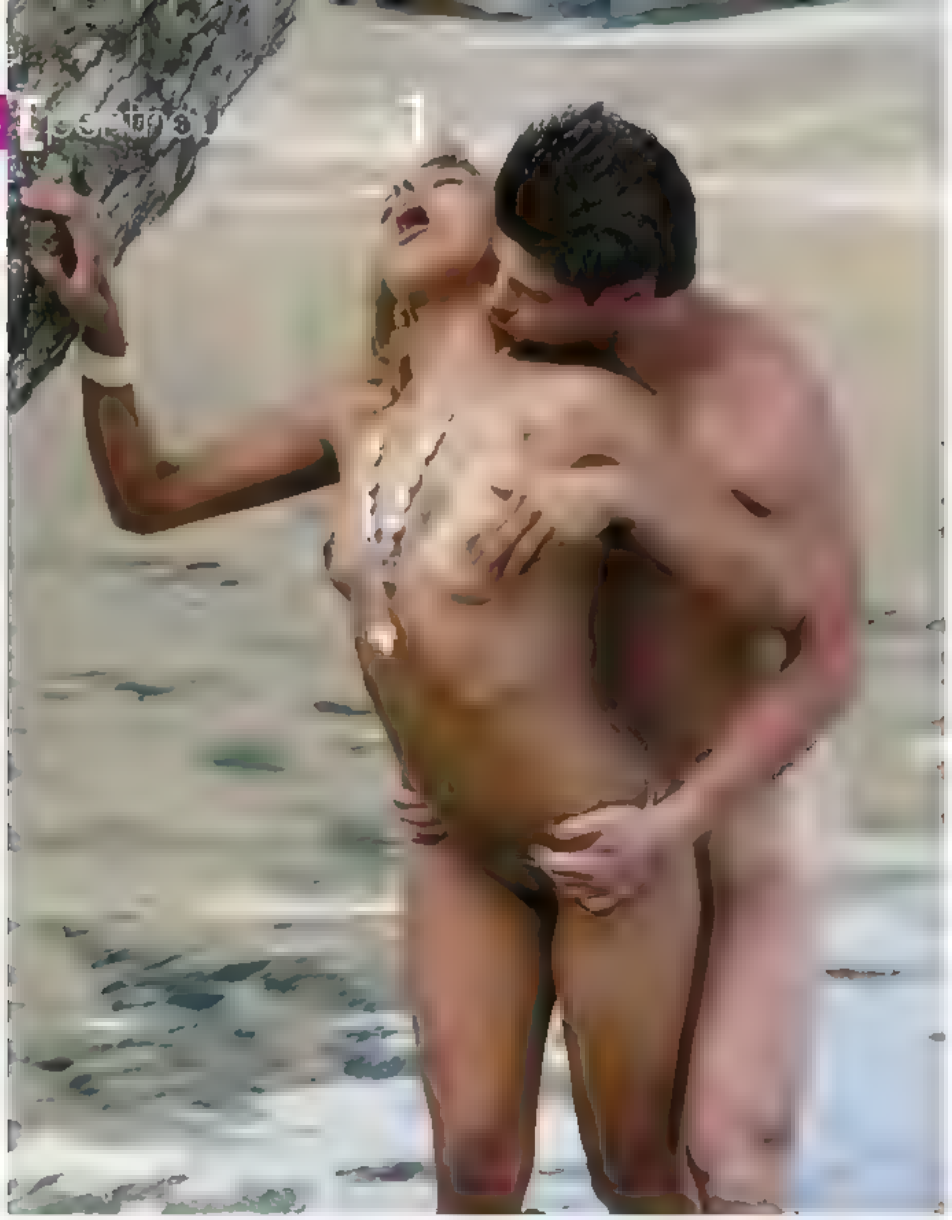

He was looking into my eyes as he positioned himself and slid inside me, taking me fully with one masterful stroke.

He showed surprise at first, but d d not seem unduly disconcerted and I had the distinct feeling that this was not the first time he had brought a virgin to this place. "I'll be proud to make you a woman in the waters of Maui," he told me, smil ng.

Steve was, as I had expected, competent and passionate, and I realized immediate y that I had made a very good choice. This was so much better than .osing my virginity in a car with some pimply teenager on prom n ght. In fact, my body was so needy that after some initial tentative exploration I encouraged him to forget about being gentle and get down to some ser ous business.

But first showed h m that I was not a virgin at oral sex. I had learned the basics of cocksuck ng n the stacks of the school library and now it was Steve's turn to cry out, first in lustful admiration and then in an orgasmic frenzy as I sucked h m long and hard, l ps and tongue caressing the length of his pulsing manhood while his hands clutched my ha r. He started to pull away as the ava of his come began to erupt, but I held on to the base of his shaft w th both hands while I swallowed everything he poured out.

Now it was his turn to go down on me and get my already-droo ng pussy ready for the full nvasion of h s cock. Just feeling his prob ng cockhead n the folds of my lab a had been enough to get me wet and ready, but as his tongue wh pped expertly in and out of me, I was soon as wet as I had ever been in my life.

Then he was on top of me, looking into my eyes as he posit oned himself and slid inside, taking me fully with one masterful stroke. I cried out with wild joy as I felt myself being fil ed up at last. Oh God, this was so much better than fantas zing with my face crushed against my pillow and my hand moving between my legs to bring myself to orgasm.

After some amazing full-frontal thrusting we paused long enough to edge our way deeper into the water, where I wrapped my egs around Steve's strong torso. We were right under the waterfall, its violent spray wetting my hair and splash ng all over my breasts. Steve lowered his head to them, his mouth covering my ent re areolae and his tongue licking at my large n pples.

With his mouth planted firmly on my breast, his cock deep ins de me, and the palms of his hands cupping and squeezing my ass cheeks, I soon fe t the inexorable waves of desire bearing me forward to an uncontrollably strong orgasm.

As I walked out of the water in all my resp endent nudity, holding the hand of the beautiful, equally naked man beside me, I he d my head high and proud. I felt that I was finally part of a secret club, privy to special information that formerly had only been hinted at. I was truly an adult now. I was a woman. I was a virgin no onger."

Wild-Card Option

Communiqué From Turks and Caicos

By Jennifer Jones

The travel agent exp ained the wild-card option: "In short, you pay up-front the price of the ticket without really knowing where you're go ng. Could be Mexico, a Caribbean is and, or something a little more obscure. You would be getting a fantastic once-in-a-lifetime vacation for a rock-bottom price. Of course, you have to travel s ng e, but most people taking the trip will also be s ngle. The main requirement is that you have to be ready to eave at a moment's notice. Could even be as soon as tonight. Would that be a problem for you?"

Hop ng against hope that the agent wouldn't send me by mistake to a place that catered to honeymooners rather than singles, I decided to go for it. A few hours later, I got a ca . "Can you pack your bags and be ready to go ton ght? If so, a really amazing opportunity just came up in one of our most luxurious resorts. Have you

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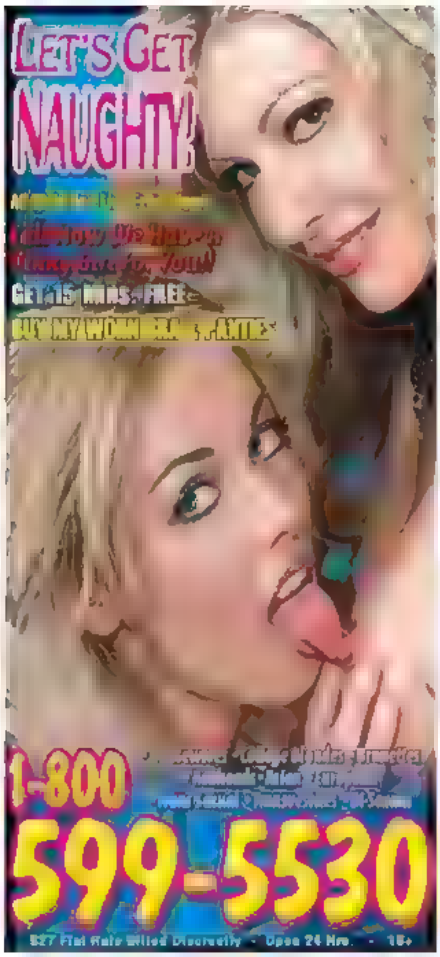
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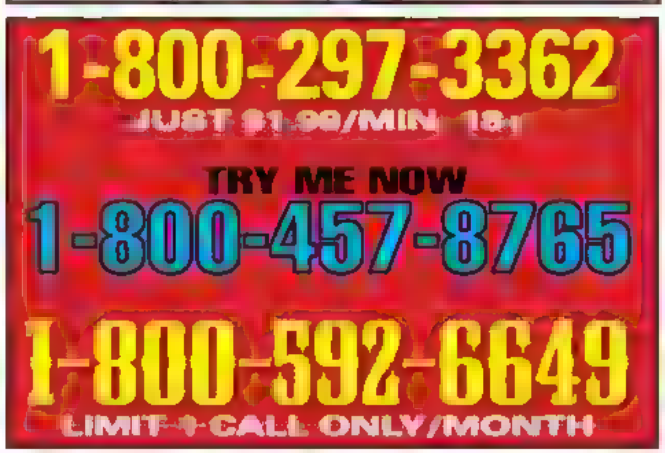
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When he was about to climax, I sucked until my mouth was filled with come.

heard of the Caribbean archipelago Turks and Caicos?" Needless to say, by midnight I was at JFK airport, standing smugly next to a group of gorgeous people (the kind who are already tan, have Gucci luggage, and are paying full price).

The rooms were very cozy, with large beds, white linen sheets, and fresh flowers in a vase on the dresser. No television, telephone, or radio to disturb the Zen-like peace and quiet. Simple, understated luxury that I could never have afforded had I not come on this last-minute option. I planned to enjoy every minute.

The next morning I put on my dark sunglasses and a sarong over my red bikini, and headed out to explore. I decided to attempt sailing. Okay, I'll admit that going one-on-one with the hot instructor was part of the allure. From the minute that he pressed up against my tight, bikini-clad ass so he could make sure I'd put on my life jacket correctly, he made me horny as hell. I didn't want to throw myself at him like a desperate single woman looking for sex, but who was I kidding? That's exactly who I was.

Once we were way out in the blue waters, he said he wanted to lick the salt spray off my tits, and I decided I could safely assume that this was a sign. We were far enough from shore that nobody could see what we were up to, and we had a good 45 minutes before having to go back.

He tied the sailboat to a buoy, whispering that it would be easier to show me how to make knots this way. I proved to be a quick learner and tied his arms to the mast with my very first knot. He seemed impressed and, by the growing bulge in his tight Speedo, excited with his student taking control of the lesson. Never one to let a good hard-on go to waste, I pushed him slowly downward so that I had him at a better angle.

I started with his nipples, which rapidly grew taut and erect as I lapped at them with my salty tongue. His dick looked about ready to burst out of the Lycra suit. I pulled the top of my bikini off so my breasts were waving free, and offered him a taste. At first he seemed ready to eat them whole, but gradually he began sucking long and hard on each nipple until they had a life of their own.

But it was time to free the beast. I was on my hands and knees so I could dedicate myself to pleasuring him, and, in the process, pleasuring myself. Following the rhythmic motion of the ocean rocking the boat, my mouth rode up and down until I could tell from the way he was arching his upper body that he was about to climax. Rather than letting up, I sucked harder until my mouth was filled with come.

I was pleasantly surprised that after I undid the ropes around his wrists, his first move was toward my naked breasts. He steered me back onto my hands and knees, facing the distant shore, and entered me from behind. With his hands firmly grasping my sides, he rapidly lifted and lowered my wet cunt onto his rod. My orgasm was very intense, as my lower lips held on to him as tightly as they could with each violent vibration.

It was soon time to return to shore, but as my hunky tutor fingered my pussy with one hand and steered us in with the other, I promised him that the first thing I'd be doing upon landing would be signing up for another lesson. ■

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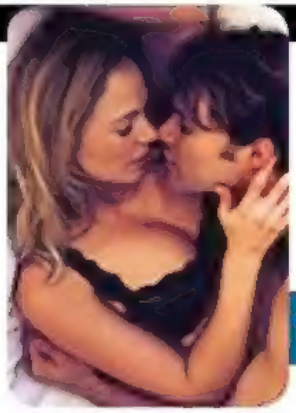

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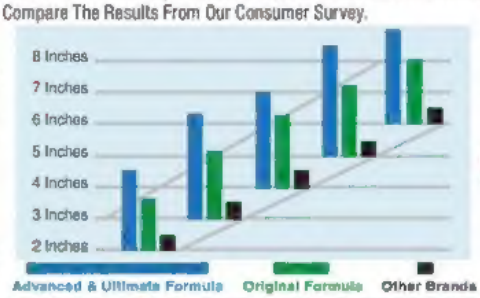

QUICK ABSORPTION FAST ACTING RAPID RELEASE

WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
Can help men with a size less than average and need an accelerated enlargement to reach a firmer erect penis size. Can also be used by men that are larger that want the acceleration feature and maximum enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want maximum enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ULTIMATE FORMULA
A modern miracle of science. The TRIPLE ACTION formula for men with any size penis, whether it's small, average, or large. DOES NOT CONTAIN YOHIMBE AND L-ARGININE.

PRO+PLUS LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID
You can use Pro+Plus LQ Accelerator Liquid with Pro+Plus Pills and start to see results in just a few days.
$80.00 Value ONLY $25.00 or
FREE with any 360 days supply of PRO+PLUS PILLS

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time. She doesn't know how I did it.–L.D. Nevada
I have always been considered small. My enlargement now is 7 ½ inches.–T.C. Illinois

PRO+PLUS XTREME *IMMEDIATE FIRM ERECTIONS*

FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS IMMEDIATE RESULTS **BE READY ANYTIME**
Can Work In 30 Minutes. Effective Up To 12 Hours.

For men who want to improve their sexual performance and enhance erection firmness. Intense Erections, Incredible Orgasms, Increase Sensitivity, Arousal and Sexual Stamina. Dynamic staying power. Greater Self-Confidence. 100% Natural. Frequent and longer lasting intimacy. Take your partner to new levels of satisfaction. You can have longer, firmer erections and stronger climaxes. Carry the PRO+PLUS XTREME handy 4 pack with you all the time.
FREE 4 PACK WITH ANY OTHER PRO+PLUS FORMULA

SPECIAL OFFER! *MORE DOCTOR APPROVED SUPER FORMULAS*
$25.00 EACH OR FREE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED, ORIGINAL OR ULTIMATE FORMULA.

SEXCITER FOR WOMEN MAKES WOMEN DESIRE SEX!
Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She can become excited and desire you.
Our SEXCITER FOR MEN can help increase the male sex drive.
SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses.
Reg. $49.95 NOW ONLY $25.00
SEXCITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses.
Reg. $49.95 NOW ONLY $25.00

SEXUALLY ATTRACT WOMEN WITH ATTRACT-A-MATE!
Used like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You can ignite her wildest desires. It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Only you know the secret. You will be amazed how women can become passionate.
ATTRACT-A-MATE to attract women.
40 applications Reg. $49.95 NOW ONLY $25.00
ATTRACT-A-MATE to attract men.
40 applications Reg. $49.95 NOW ONLY $25.00

ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM
(apply directly to the penis)

Can help increase blood flow to the penis for harder, thicker powerful erections. Heightens sensations with intense orgasms.
Can help increase your sexual performance and help stop premature ejaculations.
ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM
2 oz. jar. Reg. $49.95 Now only $25.00

SUPER V PILLS FOR MEN
The Natural alternative that can give you harder, longer lasting erections. Young or old you can have hard erections and stronger climaxes. Can help stop pre-mature ejaculations.
30 Pills Reg. $49.95. NOW ONLY $25.00

WHAT CAN PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR YOU?

- With more blood flow, your penis is larger.
- Longer, Thicker, Firmer erections.
- Enlargement for a lifetime.
- Erection size can be up to 3 inches bigger.
- Performance can improve substantially.
- Confidence of being a better lover.

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☐ 120 Days + 120 Days FREE $160 ☐ 180 Days + 180 Days FREE $210 $_____

PRO+PLUS ORIGINAL FORMULA
☐ 30 Days + 30 Days FREE $50 ☐ 60 Days + 60 Days FREE $90 $_____
☐ 120 Days + 120 Days FREE $130 ☐ 180 Days + 180 Days FREE $170 $_____

PRO+PLUS ULTIMATE FORMULA
☐ 30 Days + 30 Days FREE $80 ☐ 60 Days + 60 Days FREE $140 $_____
☐ 120 Days + 120 Days FREE $200 ☐ 180 Days + 180 Days FREE $240 $_____

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FREE 4 PACK WITH ANY OTHER PRO+PLUS FORMULA
Please Specify Quantities
☐ FREE 4 Pack (4 Capsules) ___ $9.95 ___ 12 Packs (48 Capsules) $48.75 $_____
144 Packs of 4 Capsules (576 Capsules) ___ Only $396.00 ..... $_____

PRO+PLUS LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID
Please Specify Quantities
$25.00 each ..... ___ $_____
☐ FREE with 360 Days supply PRO+PLUS PILLS

SUPER FORMULAS ONLY $25.00 EACH OR SELECT ONE FREE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED, ORIGINAL OR ULTIMATE FORMULA
Select Any **THREE FREE** With a 240 Days Supply.
Select Any **SIX FREE** With a 360 Days Supply.
Please specify Quantities
___ Sexciter To Excite Women FREE☐ ___ To Excite Men FREE☐ $_____
___ To Attract Women FREE☐ ___ To Attract Men FREE☐ $_____
___ Perform Erection Cream FREE☐ ___ Super V Pills FREE☐ $_____

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AVID PRO MEDICAL, Box 19010, Encino, CA 91416 • Toll Free 24 hrs 1-866-765-7455 • Fax 1-818-345-4643 Existing customer order inquiries only 1-818-344-7404. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

You Can Leave Your Hats On

Our special travel-themed issue provides the perfect opportunity to journey back to this steamy photo set of Adrienne Manning and Carmen, which we first published in our September 2010 issue. These vivacious vixens don't even have to leave the ground to show us all what it really means to fly the friendly skies.

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